

# THE MONTH

AUGUST 1866.



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# THE MONTH.

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AUGUST 1866.

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*\*\*\* Advertisements to be sent to MR. G. BLAND, care of MESSRS. ROBSON & SON, Printing Works, Pancras Road, London, N.W.*

## The Art of War.\*

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It has often been observed that those peoples and those periods in the world's progress are most happy as to which history is silent. And the reason given is, that war is synonymous with suffering and loss, misery and impoverishment, and that history is in the main a record of wars, sieges, and battles. It is, however, one of the greatest drawbacks to both the pleasure and instruction which we might derive from reading history, that so many of its pages are occupied with the description of an art of which we absolutely know nothing. While a regular course of study has been marked out for most professions, we are left in utter ignorance how a man qualified himself to become a great general and to lead armies. The art of war appears to have been gained by some great captains almost by intuition, by others by study, by others again (at the cost of the armies they commanded and the nations they defended) by experience and by disastrous and frequent failure.

In the Middle Ages, and especially by the chiefs of mercenary troops in Italy, the art of war was made to consist chiefly in avoiding decisive battles, in sparing the lives of their soldiers, and in enabling the troops to live at free quarters in an enemy's or even a friendly territory. The lives of men were to be spared, the operations of war to be lengthened. Different indeed are the tactics of the present day, which compress into a few days of horror the agony and bloodshed of years.

The changes which have taken place in modern warfare from the time of the Black Prince to the present have never yet been explained with sufficient minuteness. The concentration of executive power in the hands of the head of the state has made him able to throw enormous masses of troops upon one point, and has, at the same time, compelled the hand which puts them in motion to supply them with food and munitions. The difference of arms, the improvements in gunnery and artillery, rendering most fortresses of little avail for defence, and the mighty means of transport supplied by a

\* *The Operations of War explained and illustrated.* By Edward B. Hamley, Colonel in the Army, &c. &c. Edinburgh and London, 1866.

single line of rails, have also made the greatest difference in the strategy that ought to be pursued; and thus it is that the criticism which was admirable when applied to one epoch is false when written of another. Eminently progressive is the art of war; and the generals of one age must not be blamed for not adhering to rules discovered by and applicable to those of a later. But independently of these changes, how few really know whether criticism on any general in any age is well or ill founded! When the biographer of Wallenstein calls Napoleon's generalship lunacy, there are few who do not, in the absence of scientific principles, content themselves with the reflection that his constant success proved his generalship. We thus are reduced to one only of the qualifications which Cicero tells us are necessary in a general—*fortunitas*, from want of knowledge to decide on the question of his real merit. When the ordinary, often too the military, reader studies the account of a war, he is vexed at the ignorance which makes him unable to understand why some great minister was unable ever to conceive the plan of a campaign; wherein consisted the great generalship evidenced by a sudden change of front, or by compelling an adversary to form front to a flank; why a certain movement was "judicious though unsuccessful," and how a certain action of a leader forced the enemy to fight or capitulate; wherefore, under given circumstances, defeat would have been ruin; what were the lessons of history which another leader wantonly disregarded, and how manifold errors in strategy were finally redeemed by one day's successful tactics. In short, to quote Colonel Hamley's words, "the earnest student is in this dilemma—that he requires a knowledge of theory to understand the facts, and a knowledge of facts to understand the theory."

Previous works on the theory of military operations have been lengthy, discursive, and difficult; and thus the want has been universally felt of some book, within the means of access of ordinary students, which should clearly lay down and explain principles capable of general application; so that a man might be able to exercise his own intellect and judgment, and not be compelled to bow down in stupid unreasoning acquiescence to the authoritative *ipse dixit* of the historian and newspaper critic. It is this void which Colonel Hamley has so successfully set himself to fill. He has proposed to himself to explain the theory of war by selecting certain campaigns and battles which may be regarded as representative operations, each involving or illustrating a principle or fact, which should serve for future guidance; and then from these facts he deduces a law, which the student may apply with confidence to any similar set of circumstances. Nor has Colonel Hamley, with the

ordinary prudence of critics, confined himself to the discussion of past operations; he has boldly applied to the future the principles which he has laid down; and in speaking of a prospective war in Bohemia, his words, written before the event, so aptly describe what has actually happened in the last few weeks, that they might be taken for words of prophecy. The whole work is marked by straightforward common-sense, by the absence of pedantry and pedagogism, of any affectation of obscurity in order to conceal ignorance, or the dragging in of difficulties in order to show learning.

The wars of the Middle Ages, as the author tells us, teach us little of the art of war. A mighty change has come over the composition and requisites of an army. Then the troops were compelled to spread in order to obtain provisions. If on either side a small army could have been fed by supplies drawn from the rear and regularly delivered, it would have conquered a much larger opposing force, which could only have been held together for a few days, and would then inevitably have been scattered to procure food. Organisation and discipline make the whole difference between an army and a mob of men. Assuming that these advantages exist, Colonel Hamley first enlarges on the absolute necessity of an elaborate system of supply organised from a secure starting-point, which serves as the base of operations. The army is the hand that strikes the blow; it requires the stomach to digest, the head to think, legs to bring it to the spot where the blow is to be struck, the lungs to supply the blood with air, the doctor to bind it up if it be wounded or injured; it requires a fresh supply of weapons with which to strike if those it has employed become broken or disabled. The wants of an army in the field are enormous. Some idea of their extent may be derived from the efforts and organisation which the emperor employed in 1859 to feed and supply the army of 130,000 men which he had marched into Italy.

"Every corps of the army was accompanied by 110 carriages, containing a second supply of ammunition for artillery and infantry. Finally, a grand park of 430 carriages, organised at Lyons, carried fresh supplies to St. Jean de Maurienne, whence artillery-horses drew them over Mount Cenis to Susa.—The civil bakeries of France were charged with the supply of the troops in the interior, and the government establishments left free to devote all their resources to providing bread for the army of Italy, and amassing reserves for its future subsistence.—Provisions for 100,000 men and 10,000 horses for twenty days were collected at various towns in Piedmont.—So far for comfort and efficiency. But the wounded must be provided for: 363,000 kilograms of lint were provided, or 10,000 dressings each day for more than three months; 1000 cases of surgical instruments figure grimly in the list.

Besides the field-hospitals, which first received the wounded and sick, establishments were organised in the interior of France to relieve the army of such encumbrances by accommodating 17,000 patients."

The absolute necessity of an uninterrupted system of supplies may be shown by the fact that victorious as was Wellington at Talavera, he was compelled to retrace his steps to Portugal, because he wanted food and forage. "A starving army," writes the duke, "is actually worse than none. To carry on the contest with France to any good purpose, the labour and services of every man and beast in the country should be employed in support of the armies." Such was the idea of this great general of the amount of service which ought to be rendered to an army in the field, in order that the forces might be kept together in such good spirits and discipline that they are able to fight. The army, therefore, is as permanently dependent on its supplies, and on the strength of its communications and the security of its base of operations, as the battlements of a house are upon its side-walls and the strength of its foundations. And just as, in building, a pyramid is stronger than a column, so does an extensive base give security to an army acting at a distance. It is evident, then, that an army must not be conceived as an isolated unit; it is, in its most favourable position, the apex of a pyramid; in its least favourable, the capital of a column. If isolated for more than a few days, it is useless. Nor is the army itself an unit collected together; it is at best a conglomeration of units. It is not a faggot tied together, but a heap of loose sticks. The different component parts of the army will generally be found distributed on different roads: in the case of offensive operations this is advisable; while, from the nature of an army, it is in defensive operations—except when the army is deployed for battle—absolutely necessary.

An army, therefore, is not a force "capable of being moved any where within the theatre of war," but is dependent for its efficiency on a line connecting it with points in the rear; the line being a good and practicable road, and the points secure magazines. This fortified or otherwise sufficiently-defended line of well-stored magazines forms the base of operations upon which the army rests, and is the first requisite for the efficiency needed for the existence of an army. The second equally important requisite is, that between the magazines at the base and the line of operations, as the army moves, there should be good roads and ample means of transport. As the roads will soon wear to pieces, they must be well built, like the paved *chaussées* of the Continent. Our army has learnt by sad experience in the Crimea what fatal effects, what suffering, disease, and death can be caused by even seven miles of soft

soil interposed in winter between the army before Sebastopol and its magazines at Balaclava. As these roads approach the line of operations, they should converge to each other; or, in other words, they should if possible be concentric. But it is not only on account of the supplies that good roads are necessary; over bad or second-rate roads the march of troops and artillery becomes so slow and uncertain, that all the calculations of a general may be thereby falsified, and his movement foiled. Napoleon and Grouchy both left Ligny at the same time. Napoleon, following Wellington from Ligny, and marching by the great paved chaussées of Namur and Brussels, assembled his army that night at Waterloo, seventeen miles from Ligny; while Grouchy, moving along the country roads, had difficulty in bringing his 30,000 men to Gemblaix, five miles from Ligny, by ten on the same night.

A defensive force has its brigades placed on several roads, which radiate towards the base from the points they seek to cover, like the spokes of a wheel, and this for the simple reason that they cannot tell by which road the invading army will attack, although the covering army must necessarily cover double or even quintuple the ground occupied by an invading army. Yet the latter must also enter the country by several roads, and this owing to the length to which its march extends. Thus in round numbers, 30,000 infantry on the march extend over about 5 miles of road; 60 guns with their attendant carriages occupy  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles; 8000 cavalry on a front of threes, 5 miles.

"In 1815, if Napoleon's army had entered Belgium by one road instead of three, it would (irrespective of intervals between the columns, of losses of distance, and of stores) have extended

	Miles.
90,000 infantry . . . . .	15
20,000 cavalry . . . . .	12
350 guns, &c. . . . .	14
	—
	41

The head of the column must have been marching two days before the rear could have quitted the place of rendezvous. An army thus moving might be defeated by a very inferior force, which, enveloping the head of the column, might inflict a succession of crushing blows before the rear could arrive at the scene of action. Although Napoleon moved by three roads, the divisions in rear failed to deploy on the field of battle until the following day."

In the American war M'Clellan declared that, if he had moved by one road only, his army, with its trains, would have extended fifty miles.



In order that the different portions of an army may rapidly unite, it is absolutely indispensable that there should be good interior communications or cross-roads; for if the roads on which an army is advancing are separated by any impassable object—a mountain range, a swamp, or a river without fords or bridges—one portion of the army might be merely spectators of the attack upon the rest; as at Rivoli, where an Austrian column on the left of the Adige were the powerless spectators of the defeat of the army on the right. Thus, in the late invasion of Bohemia, the non-existence of lateral roads in the Giant Mountains made the armies of Prince Friedrich Charles and the Crown Prince two separate forces, until, by the existence of cross roads in the level country, they were enabled to communicate, and effect their junction at Sadowa in the critical moment of the action.

The orders of Napoleon III. in Italy were: "When a road is parallel to a railway, the infantry will march along the railway, guns along the road. Generals will take all lateral roads which conduct to the same end, provided their columns will not thereby be too much separated."

In the eighteenth century armies were totally dependent on their magazines. Napoleon, commanding an army which had become "the most accomplished of marauders and the most intelligent of soldiers—able to scatter for purposes of plunder, but with discipline and intelligence enough to collect together into a combined force"—invented the plan of enabling an army to maintain itself in the country in which it was fighting, and thus subsist for some time without communications. This was by means of the system of requisitions—in the main a new system of procuring supplies. Napoleon did not dispense with magazines, nor was he careless of his communications. He well knew, as the Archduke Charles observed, "that he who counts only on the resources of the country which he is about to traverse abandons himself to chance, and often runs the risk of subordinating his operations to his subsistence." Still his system met that of Frederic the Great and annihilated it. His plan was, on entering a territory, to seize all the supplies in order to use them for daily consumption, and this without prejudice to the subsequent requisitions which the victor considers that he has a right to order. Naturally this plan is better adapted to the enemy's country than one's own; to an army of attack, where the ground is often shifted, than to an army of defence, which remains tolerably stationary. Jomini admits that magazines are necessary; nevertheless he says that an army of 80,000 to 100,000 men, in a fertile and not hostile country, far enough from the enemy to be able to spread, may march for thirty days, drawing its resources from the country; and in any



fertile country may make ten or twelve marches without supply or magazines.

"It has been thought necessary," says Colonel Hamley, "to dwell so strongly on this part of the subject, because it is absolutely essential as a foundation to any solid superstructure of military theory, and because its importance is apt to be overlooked by those who form estimates of warlike operations. It is extremely difficult to persuade even intelligent auditors that two armies are not like two fencers in an arena, who may shift their ground to all points of the compass; but rather resemble two swordsmen on a narrow plank which overhangs an abyss, where each has to think not only of giving and parrying thrusts, but of keeping his footing, under penalty of destruction. The most unpractised general *feels* this at once on taking a command in a district where his troops are no longer supplied by routine; and if he does not, the loss of a single meal to his army would sufficiently impress it on him. While distant spectators imagine him to be intent only on striking or parrying a blow, he probably directs a hundred glances, a hundred anxious thoughts, to the communications in his rear, for one that he bestows on his adversary's front. Perhaps no situation is more pitiable than that of a commander who has allowed an enemy to sever his communications. He sees the end of his resources at hand, but not the means to replenish them. Is he to spread his troops to find subsistence for themselves? How, then, shall they be assembled to meet the enemy? Shall he combine them for a desperate attack? How, if that attack fail, are they to be fed? He will then have no alternative but to make the best terms he can, or see his army dissolve like snow. Even should there be near him large available stores of food, still, if the communication with his base be cut, his fate is merely postponed, for he can neither procure cartridges and balls for his rifles, shot and shell for his cannon, nor recruits for his ranks, to replace the waste of battle" (p. 37).

Colonel Hamley, having thus generally discussed the conditions of war, or, in other words, what an army is, and in what manner and by what means it can act, proceeds to treat of the considerations which must precede the opening of a campaign, the choice between offensive and defensive war, the selection of an object for attack, and of a theatre of operations. He then considers strategy, or the art of manœuvring armies in the field: laying down that the objects of strategy are to menace or assail the enemy's communications with his base—to destroy the concerted action of the army by breaking the communications which connect the parts, and to effect superior concentrations on particular points—or, more popularly considered, to gain advantage of position, to increase the chances in the strategist's own favour, to compel the enemy to surrender territory without striking a blow, or even, like General Mack at Ulm, in 1805, to lay down

his arms and capitulate without a battle. In the first portion devoted to strategy, the author considers the movements of the army in reference to its communications and its base (the necessary connection with which we have already considered); and in the latter portion the relations between the two opposing armies, without especial regard to their bases. He maintains the importance of the obstacles—chains of mountains, wide rivers, and fortresses—which oppose themselves to the ordinary plans of strategy, and insists upon the necessity for any one who would understand the history of a campaign to make himself carefully acquainted with the whole of the country, so as to see what obstacles it affords to particular operations. He devotes several chapters to discussing the relative value of different kinds of "obstacles," and the importance of their position and direction. As all that strategy can do is to intercept the communications of the enemy, to rob him of supplies of food, ammunition, and stores, or to force him to give battle in a disadvantageous position; so the final result of the war and the defeat of the enemy depend upon success in battle. It is of little avail to force the foe to give battle where the odds are ten to one against his success, or to compel him to fight with a half-starved army, or in a position where defeat is ruin, provided at the last, when this ordeal is encountered, he drives back the successful strategist who has opposed him, and conquers in the field. The last part of the work is therefore devoted to tactics, or the method of conducting the movements of armies on the field of battle.

The respective weakness or strength of the combatants, as well as geographical and political considerations, may influence the government of a country to direct its generals either to assume the offensive or to retain a defensive attitude. In the war with Denmark in 1864 her weakness rendered it impossible for her to do more than attempt to defend her own territory; in the present war it is believed that political considerations—the desire to avoid exciting the hostility of France—influenced Austria to abstain from attacking the Italians, and by falling upon and conquering their necessarily divided forces, to compel them to sue for peace, and leave her free to engage her northern foe.

Since the defender's army must spread in order to guard all possible avenues by which an entry can be made, the assailant will in general be able, by bursting into the theatre of war through the passes which he has himself selected, to throw against the enemy a concentrated force far superior to any troops which a general acting on the defensive can bring against him. Thus Benedek, at the outset of the war, had troops posted along his whole frontier from Eger to

Oswieczin, near Cracow, a distance of about 360 miles, and had the greatest difficulty in bringing them, weary and wayworn, together at last; while the attack of the three great Prussian forces, between Zittau and Glatz, only occupied seventy-five miles, and was throughout made on converging lines—which met at Königgrätz; lying behind the screen of the Ore Mountains, the Giant Mountains, and the Sudetic range, the Prussians could bring together as many troops as were consistent with celerity of march, and advancing through any passes or by any roads they chose, throw themselves with superior force upon the detached corps that guarded the passes, invariably retaining the superiority of numbers up to the time of their final junction. It is evident that

“The great advantage conferred by the offensive is the power of concentration; and if this advantage be not neutralised by artificial or natural defences, behind which the enemy can, with such forces as may be at hand, retard the advance of the assailant till the whole defensive army be also concentrated, it entails enormous chances of success. For the defensive cordon being ruptured, and the concerted action of the parts of the army lost, the assailant deals his blows right and left on the scattered fragments, till his road to his object is clear.

“At the outset, then, the assailant, when operating in a country suitable for military movements, and defended only by an army—not by fortifications—has great chances in his favour. Nor does his advantage end with the first onset; for the defender is obliged to follow his lead, and to parry his blows, instead of actively assailing him; and while the invader is executing designs already laid down in their minute particulars, and knows what he is aiming at, and what steps the enemy will probably take to foil him, which being foreseen, may be provided for, that enemy is operating to a certain extent in the dark, and perhaps neglects even to use what power of concentration he may possess till too late, fearing lest the attack should be a feint. Dislodged from his first positions, and disconcerted by finding that his troops are still scattered in presence of a concentrated enemy, he will probably be too completely absorbed in the essential measure of collecting them in some position between the invader and his object, to devise offensive measures against him. Thus the first success will lead to others, and each will more and more confirm the invader in the possession of the advantage called by military writers the initiative—that is, the power of compelling your adversary to make his movements dependent on your own” (p. 41).

It is, however, evident that the further an army is drawn from its base, the more it is weakened by the troops left to guard its communications. A single corps drawing its subsistence from points on the flank of the main line can operate on the main roads which connect the invader with his base. It was probably in order to prevent Benedek placing *corps d'armée* on the flank of the line of the com

munications of the Prussians when at Pardubitz that they made the series of attacks against Oswiecim by Cracow in the extreme east. Colonel Hamley points out that a general acting on the defensive must either oppose the enemy's concentrated forces with an inferior number of men, or must abandon territory in order to concentrate his whole strength at some point far back from the frontier. He finally observes :

"If a defensive army were to restrict itself entirely to parrying blows, the enemy, feeling secure in his communications, from the inertness of his opponent, would be enabled to keep his fighting power undiminished by detachments in the rear. To pursue such a course, then, even when very inferior in force, is suicidal in a defender; since a detachment judiciously menacing the enemy's communications may hold in check (or let us say, in military parlance, may *contain*) a much greater number of the enemy, and proportionately diminish the disparity between the main armies. It does not follow, then, that because an army is defending a territory, it must confine itself to the defensive; on the contrary, it will best effect its purpose by actively threatening its adversary, and by taking the lead whenever an opportunity offers" (p. 44).

The object of the war-campaign may simply be increase of territory, as in the Italian war, when Napoleon III. contented himself with driving the Austrians behind the Mincio, and adding to Piedmont the country which he occupied. Frederick II., however, commenced the war that brought him his renown by seizing Silesia, the acquisition of which was the chief object of his desires; and yet the wars this occasioned lasted his life. Where the humiliation of the foe is desired, absolute superiority in the field and the seizure of the capital can, in general, alone be expected to bring the adversary to terms. The occupation of the capital is, therefore, generally the object of the campaign: with the gripe of the invader on the heart of the country, the circulation of the whole body politic is paralysed, and any terms of submission to the invader are less pernicious than his presence. But after the seizure of the capital, it is necessary to defeat the enemy's armies—disheartened by their ill-success—in the open field; for we are reminded that Napoleon held Madrid four years, that he occupied Vienna both in 1805 and in 1809, and that in 1757 an Austrian general entered Berlin and levied a contribution there; yet that in none of these cases did the vanquished enemy lie prostrate, and at once demand peace at any price. The seizure of the capital, as long as the army is in the field, strong in spirit, and not so inferior in strength as to consider itself unable to retake it, will never end a contest. But the seizure of the capital too often excites all the latent disaffection of the country. Treason raises her hydra

head, and the army becomes paralysed; the invader's plans are successful; and the motto, *Implora pace*, which is so touching on the tomb of a Christian, marks the grave of a nation sunk in ruin.

One most interesting portion of this work, especially in its reference to late military events, is that wherein the author treats of the effect of an angular frontier, or of a frontier which sweeps round the enemy's line. That the possession of such a frontier as this enables the army possessing it to operate against the enemy's flank (where the enemy's base lies without the frontier), is well exemplified in the history of Moreau's campaign of 1800. It is well known that the Rhine runs northwards from Basle to the sea; but that its course down to Basle from Lake Constance, forming the northern frontier of Switzerland, is nearly due west. Napoleon had seized Switzerland; and his possession of this frontier compelled Kray to form front southwards, parallel to the line of his communications; and although the battle of Engen was indecisive, and the Austrians never sustained a defeat, Moreau ultimately forced them to evacuate the whole of the Black Forest. That is, the Austrians, lying inside an angular frontier, were at a great disadvantage, because they could be attacked from both sides at once. In the war between South Germany and Prussia, it is evident that had Austria occupied Saxony, she would, so far as the campaign against Prussia proper and Berlin was concerned, have had the advantage of her communications resting on an angular frontier, running southwards from the Elbe at Riesa to Lusatia, and eastwards from Lusatia to Cracow. The neglect of Austria to occupy Saxony—or her inability, on political grounds, to do so—enabled the Prussians to take advantage of the form of their own mountainous frontier—with Saxony, almost angular—stretching on the east far south of the Austrian frontier at Friedland and Bodenbach. It was indeed partly owing to the starting-point of the Crown Prince on the east having been farther to the south than that of Prince Frederick Karl, that, in spite of the resistance of the Austrian detached corps, the troops under the Crown Prince were enabled to effect their junction with the army under Prince Frederick Karl in the turning moment of the battle of Sadowa. The lines united because they were drawn from the arc of a circle, and not from a straight line. The northern frontier of Bohemia and Austrian Silesia represents what Colonel Hamley, borrowing a term from the art of fortification, calls a salient angle, while the Prussian frontier of Silesia yields them a reëntering angle. A glance at the map and at the relative positions of Zittau and Reichenberg, and of Nachod and Glatz, will explain this. It is under these circumstances that it becomes absolutely incumbent on the power possessing the salient angle, as Austria in this case did, to assume the offensive; to act on the defen-

sive strategically insures his ruin. We think ourselves fully warranted by Col. Hamley's statements in asserting that unless Marshal Benedek was able to assume the offensive, he should (with the exception of the operations of detached corps hindering the Prussian advance) have consented to withdraw the main body of his troops towards Olmütz, south of Prague and Pardubitz: thus the advantage of a reëntering frontier would have been denied to the Prussians, and the angular base supplied by Galicia and Hungary might ultimately have told with great effect against the Prussian operations carried on at a distance from their base.

In the case of the present war in Italy the sketch of the position of the Austrian army against the Italian forces is so well given, that we cannot forbear from quoting the author's words.\*

"The present Austrian frontier in Italy is bounded by the Mincio throughout the length of that river, and by the Po downwards from their confluence. If Austria were at war with Italy, the Italians, on the one side, would enclose Venetia within their reëntering frontier; on the other, the Austrians would be in a salient angle. As it is evident that, if they were concentrated between the Mincio and the Adige, they would threaten Italy south of the Po on the one side, or Lombardy on the other, and be within striking distance of both; so that, should the Italian army concentrate on one side of the angle, the enemy might invade its territory on the other. Thus, supposing the Austrians capable of crossing either the Po or Mincio at pleasure, the Italians, if they wished to cover all their territory, must divide. But by dividing they would be giving the Austrians all the advantage of a concentrated against a separated force; and if the armies at the outset were equal, the parts of the one would be liable to be defeated successively by the mass of the other.

"It is evident that, for the one party or the other to derive the kind of advantage peculiar to its position in its full extent, it must possess the means of passing the frontier on both sides of the angle. Now the Austrians have two fortresses on the Mincio, Peschiera and Mantua, giving them access to Lombardy, and excluding the Italians from Venetia. But the Po is not bridged below the confluence of the Mincio, nor could a bridge easily be thrown; therefore the Italian army might safely assemble in Lombardy to await the attack, assured of being able to arrive on the lower Po in time to confront the enemy, should he attempt to pass there. But if the Austrians possessed a great flotilla, or flying bridges, on the lower Po, by which to throw their army easily across, the Italians would be at a great disadvantage" (p. 215).

Thus while the advantages of a reëntering frontier favour an operation against a flank, those of the salient frontier tend to sepa-

\* In this extract we have compressed and occasionally altered—for the purpose of compression—Colonel Hamley's language.

rate the parts of the enemy's front. Another element is necessary for the decision of the question, Which party possesses the issues of the frontier, or can most readily seize them? After ascertaining this, we can proceed with some confidence to decide on the best plan of operation.

"If the army whose frontier is reëntering possesses, or can seize, the issues of that side of the frontier which is parallel to the enemy's line of communication with his base, it should throw all its weight on that side in assuming the offensive; for even if the issues on the other side of the angle are open to the enemy, he cannot advance by them while his communications are thus threatened. . . .

"But in all these cases, illustrative of the disadvantage of the Austrian position in Italy, it is presumed that the Austrians await the attack. Therefore, in addition to the power of holding or gaining the issues, *the assumption of the offensive* is necessary to secure the advantage of the reëntering frontier.

"On the Austrian side, the disadvantage of a purely defensive attitude being apparent, whatever advantage the salient can confer must also depend on the assumption of the offensive.

"Again, supposing Prussia, allied with Saxony, at war with Austria. An Austrian army within the angle of the Bohemian frontier and possessing the issues of it, would equally threaten Saxony and Silesia—and it is improbable that either Saxony or Prussia would consent to leave its territories uncovered—while the line of the Elbe and the rocky country on its banks would preclude the possibility of concentrating near the angle. Hence division would be inevitable, should the Austrians be in a position to assume the offensive. On the other hand, were the Austrians on the defensive, they might speedily be forced to quit the angle—as was proved in 1757, when an Austrian corps at Reichenberg was forced to retreat hastily to Prague at the approach of a Prussian corps from Silesia towards Turnau. Generally then, and on the whole, the advantages of either position are conditional on the assumption of the offensive; the chances will be against either party that suffers the other to take the initiative; and the advantages will be greatest on the side of the army operating from the salient frontier, provided the enemy be obliged to separate under penalty of abandoning territory."

It is plain from the course of the campaign in Bohemia, as well as from the fact of the highest of the Giant Mountains, the Schneekopf, standing in Prussian Silesia, and from the configuration of the mountains round Glatz, as well as from the strength of her fortresses, that the Prussians not only possessed a reëntering frontier from Zittau to Glatz, but also from the facility with which they entered Bohemia, that they held the command of the issues of the frontier. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that in the case of a curved chain of mountains like those of Bohemia, which form a reëntering



frontier, the successful assumption of the offensive is considered decisive of ultimate success.

The Austrians have still the strategical advantage of operating on a base so extensive, that it becomes impossible for the enemy to cut them from their base. The enormous advantages of an extended base were proved in the late American war, where even the most dazzling successes of the Confederates were unavailing to cut off the Federals from their line of retreat.

The difficulty and danger of the attempt to defend a long line of mountains are well explained by the author, and the equal uselessness of defending the chief passes alone. He holds that the attacking force, after making feints at many points, will pass in columns near each other, and that if the enemy act only upon the defensive, the advantage will remain with the assailants. He considers that unless the mountain range be of great depth, it will be better to hold it only with detachments, and to assemble the army at some point where it will oblige the enemy to form front to a flank. In the late campaign it appears to us as if this object could only have been obtained by Benedek forming his army south of Pardubitz, and possibly near Olmütz.

A river offers an obstacle very different from a mountain range. There are two features of the case of special significance—namely, that a river is generally winding, and that the higher bank is sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. The object of an assailant will be to pass part of his troops at some point where he possesses the commanding bank; for he can thus, with comparative impunity, drive the defenders from the other shore, and bring his forces and materials for passing undiscovered to the spot. And if at that place the river also winds inward, indenting his front, he will, by disposing his troops round the bend, command and enclose the angle of the other bank.

We have not left ourselves space to speak of the advantages which a general may derive from obstacles, when once surmounted, by turning them into a secondary basis of operations. As Napoleon, after having started from the Rhine, in 1813, made a secondary base of the Elbe from Pirna above Dresden down to the sea, even so has Prussia at this moment obtained a base which stretches from the Rhine to Cracow.

The last portion of the author's work is occupied with the question of tactics—the formation and management of the armies on the battle-field.

In these days, when the fatal celerity in the discharges of the Prussian infantry have enabled them to fill a gorge with the bodies of dead Austrians, we perceive with some surprise that Colonel Hamley, although he devotes a chapter to the consideration of the effect of



greater precision in firing, has taken little or no notice of greater speed in firing. On the whole, he appears to believe that the greater precision in firing will give an advantage to the army which in a sheltered and commanding position awaits the attack. The neglect of the shovel and the spade was no doubt the fatal error of the Austrians at Sadowa. Had they been sheltered and secure, the extra four hundred yards which the attacking lines had to cross under fire would have been fatal to the Prussians.

Returning to old times, it is interesting to read that, long after experience had demonstrated that since only two ranks could discharge their fuses, to form more than two deep was to sacrifice so much of the fire of the line, three ranks were still considered necessary—the third line loading for the others, and being deemed to add to their stability.

In Marlborough's time the troops were less highly trained to perform rapid evolutions; and the skill of the general was shown by detecting the weak points of the enemy's dispositions, and on these "vulnerable spots" directing his heaviest blows. Thus at Blenheim the keen eye of Marlborough detected the weakness of the line of French cavalry in the grassy plains between the villages where the French had made good their ground. At these unprotected plateaus he directed cavalry, infantry, and guns; and breaking through the cavalry, drove them back upon the deep broad stream of the Danube, and won the day.

The merits of Frederic the Great lay far more in his tactics in the field of battle than in the conduct or plan of a campaign. His father passed his life in forming for his son a machine admirably trained to manœuvre in every species of attack. His son found in the Austrians an enemy always willing to await the onset of his troops. "Moving round the slow inert masses of the Austrians like a panther round an ox, he found the unguarded part, and using to its utmost the flexibility of his force, threw himself upon it with all his force." His great tactical skill lay in throwing his troops obliquely within striking distance across the extremity of his adversary's line. Troops thus attacked and outflanked are exposed to hopeless ruin if they remain inactive; while the formation of a new line facing the enemy is a work of time, and, under the pressure of a vigorous attack, one of the greatest difficulty. In the late decisive battle of Sadowa, near Königgrätz, the victory appears to have been won partly by the superiority of the needle-gun; still more, however, from the flank-attack made by a second army. This is an improvement on the system of the Great Frederic, and, even were other instances wanting, shows that the aim in modern battles—to bring at a

certain portion of the day—a superior number of troops to bear upon the enemy—is capable of being otherwise varied.

We have thus endeavoured to lay before the public some of the salient portions of this admirable work. In his preface the author laughs at those who have laid down propositions and published nothing but diagrams. At the same time we consider that, for close reasoning, for scientific deduction, for keen analysis of movements and detection of motive causes, his work, rising chapter upon chapter into a stately edifice, with few assertions that have not been proved by experience, deserves to be called the Euclid of War.

It is, certainly, a sad thought, that after so many centuries of Christianity we should be reviewing the Art of War, instead of being able to chronicle its extinction. It would seem as if modern science had made most of its boasted advances chiefly for the purpose of making the wholesale destruction of human life more easy and more certain. When we read of a battle-field nine miles long—a length greater than that of London—strewn with wounded and dead, on which the slaughtered soldiers could only be counted by the acres of ground on which they lay, and endeavour to picture to ourselves how much misery in the homes of every rank, from the palace to the farmstead and the hut, such a scene implies beyond that which is present on it—we are tempted to fold our hands in despair, and cry, How long? But if wars must be, let us hope at least that the side of justice and of right may not always be under the disadvantage of comparative ignorance of the art of generalship, but that rather it may find such a leader as is described by Col. Hamley, “who can meet new circumstances with new combinations; who has mastered the problems of strategy, and can read the theatre of war; who knows not only how to draw from its situation its inherent advantages, but how to produce the situation; who, when a great opportunity arrives, may be the less likely to lose it because it is of his own making, and who seizes it unhesitatingly because he has confidence in his own knowledge of the game; and in darkness and difficulty whose step may be assured, because he is familiar with the ground he moves on.”

## A Stormy Life ;

OR

## QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL.

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## CHAPTER IV.

## THE DAWN.

Tarascon in Provence, 1435.

I, MADAME L'INFANTE D'ANJOU, am six years old to-day. Messire Antoine de la Salle has given me this fair book, and painted that garland of daisies which you see in the first page, and my name, *Marguerite*, in fine blue and red letters and much gold. Monseigneur Louis is jealous; but when he writes as well as I do, then Messire Antoine will give him also a book, and instead of daisies he will paint for him a laurel wreath, which doth become a soldier. I wish I was a prince, for then when I was tall enough I should be knighted like Monseigneur Jean, who kept watch by the side of his arms all night at Dijon, though he is only three years older than I am. It would like me to put on armour and fight against the caitiff Duke of Burgundy, who keeps my father-king in prison. But as I cannot be a man, I will be like Jeanne la Pucelle, and ride a fine white horse, and wear the sword of Charlemagne, and be called the Maid of Anjou. Of all the stories I have heard, none pleases me so well as that of Jeanne. I wish Monseigneur St. Michel would speak to me. But Théophanie never leaves me alone in the garden. I think that is the reason why angels do not talk to me.

When we go abroad here the people throw flowers on the road, and build green arches and fair bowers wherever we pass. This liketh me well, but yet more to hear them sing the lays of King René, my dear father. When they play on their instruments the "*Sacre d'Angers*," my heart beats in my breast like a little bird in its cage. The Provençals love us very much. They cry out that Louis and I are the most beautiful and excellent creatures in the whole world, and like unto God's angels in the sky. But Théophanie says they do not know how naughty Monseigneur and Madame are at home, and not at all like unto angels.

When we were on the terrace with the Queen to-day a crowd came to look at us. I saw ugly faces which scared me. When Agathe was undressing me she said that two witches had been caught, which sometimes turn into cats, and by means of a purse made out of a cat's skin work many devilries and charms, which cause lovers to hate each other and many dreadful things. They came from Hyères, and now they are taken to Aix, where the judges will cause them, she hopes, to be burnt alive.

Last night I could not sleep for thinking of those witches; so Théophanie came and sat by my bedside, and talked of my dear father and my aunt Marie, whom she took care of when they were little, as she now takes care of me.

"Ah, petite madame," she said, "you must indeed be a very virtuous princess, for where can be found in one family so many great examples of piety as in your race? Your grandams, Madame Marguerite de Bâvière and Madame Yolande d'Arragon, are the most esteemed princesses in Europe, and every one calleth them saints. Your aunt Marie, my sweet nurseling, is a paragon of virtue. The late King Louis and his Queen, your great uncle Monseigneur de Bar and your royal parents, have not their like in this age for nobility of soul and towardness in serving God."

"But I am too little to serve God," I answered.

Then Théophanie said,

"There is in Brittany a princess married to the Duke Pierre, your uncle Francis's brother, who, when she was but five years old, was called the little saint."

"What is her name?" I asked, for I liked to talk more than to sleep.

"Madame Françoise d'Amboise," she answered. "When she was only three years old she always said her prayers, and was never so happy as when in the church. One winter day after Mass her nurse, who was chafing her cold little feet, saw her shed tears. 'O good nurse,' she cried, 'didst thou not see my good patron Messire St. François in his chapel with his stone feet all cold and bare? Prithee, carry him my stockings to put on.' When she was five, the good duchess took her one day on her knees, and said, 'Sweetheart, what aileth thee, that thou dost often weep?' 'Madame,' quoth the wise infant, 'I see you and Monseigneur and all your court go to the altar, and the good Jesus comes into your hearts. I weep because He comes not to me.' 'Comfort thee, little Françoise,' quoth the duchess. 'If the Bishop hearkens to my prayer, on All Saints' day the good Jesus shall also come to thee.' And so it came about that

at All Hallows Madame Françoise, albeit only five years of age, received the good God into her heart."

"And how old is she now?" I asked.

"About twenty-five years of age," said Théophanie.

"And hath she been good ever since?"

"Yea," she said. "More good every day."

"Then methinks she must be very tired now," I cried; "for I am tired if I am good only one day."

And then I fell asleep, for I had forgot about the witches.

I have been a little sick to-day, and could not go out. To pass the time, I had a pack of cards to play with. I spread them all on the table, and made armies of them. Barbe told me those with faces are portraits. The queen with the shamrocks is my aunt Marie; the one with hearts the late Queen Isabel; she with the lance the Pucelle Jeanne; and the other with the squares Agnes Sorel. I marvel she should be one of them. She is no queen, nor yet a brave soldier like Jeanne. The kings, Barbe said, were King Charles, and the King of England, who is dead, and the King of Spain, I think, and Monseigneur de Bourgogne, whom I hate. I tore that card into little bits, which Barbe thought was a pity. I like the knaves. They are Messire la Hire, and Dunois, and Hector de Galard, and the brave Barbazon, who died at Bulgneville.

To-night they have kindled great fires before the castle gate. Louis thought they were bonfires, and clapped his hands for joy. It was like the Eve of St. John, and Agathe hoped it would drive away all witches and fairies; but Messire Antoine told me it was done to chase the plague from us—the black death, which killeth many persons in the town.

They have lighted fires every night, but the black death will not cease. We are going to Marseilles in a few days, and then in a ship across the sea to my father's new kingdom in Italy. The good Provençals have given my mother soldiers, who will fight for us against the Spaniards. Farewell, sweet Provence, where every one loves us so well. Farewell, blue river Rhone, which will carry us swiftly to the sea, and then we shall see you no more. Farewell, Yolande; farewell, Monseigneur Jean de Calabre. I wish I was like you, in prison with my father. I wish I was a blossom on a branch near to his window. I wish the wind would blow me through the bars into his arms. . . . O, I am tired of wishing and of writing.

Messire Marie de St. André hath been this day portraying the

castle for a love-token from my mother to my father. He hath made it so like to what we see, that he will have, methinks, much contentment in this piece of painting. The Queen stood a long time looking on it, and then she said,

"Ah, Messire André, my Lord will recompense you for this work. He hath a great heart toward skilled persons such as you, and is no mean limner himself."

Then they talked of the chapel which shall be built here underground, and the fair terrace above the river to be added to the battlements. When the Queen was gone, Messire Antoine said to the painter,

"My master's passion for your art is so great, that even the news of his advent to a new kingdom did not suffice to make him lay down his brush."

"How so?" quoth Messire Marie; and M. Antoine replied,

"The Sieur Vidal Cabanis came from Naples with these tidings, and found his Majesty portraying our Lady's image on glass, who never so much as looked up or stopped to say, 'Why or wherefore are you come?' The envoy, weary of waiting, said, 'Monseigneur, God hath called to Himself your sister-in-law Queen Joan, who hath made you her heir.' 'God rest her soul!' quoth the king, and crossed himself. Then straightway took up his brush again, which angered the envoy, who was constrained to force his majesty to listen to the message by which the crown of Naples was tendered to him."

I admire that my father likes to paint more than to hear of a kingdom. It would please me to be told I should be a queen.

Marseilles, April 21st.

The sea is as blue as the Rhone, and so wide that it should be most like God, I think, of any thing else in the world, for it hath no beginning and no end that I can see. We have been to pray to our Lady of La Garde, at a chapel on a hill. When we were there, I saw the galleys which are to take us to Naples. Théophanie is not afraid now to cross the sea, since we have made a vow to our Lady. I have promised to give my little silver harp to buy bread for the poor, if we reach Naples in safety.

Capua, May 5th.

I think this land is Paradise. The people love us, if possible, yet more than those of Provence. No sooner did they see the ship than they came in boats, waving flags and crying "Evviva!" They carried us through the streets in a great chair like unto a throne, and a canopy of gold and red velvet over our heads. Wherever we passed, the shouts were so loud that it seemed as if they could be heard in the skies. Gold and silver cloths and pieces of tapestry,

with imaged figures, hung from all the windows. The great street, which is called the Via di Toledo, was decked with flowers, and the bells of all the churches rung. Shots were fired, which frightened us at first, though I would not show it, but I looked at Messire Antoine, and he whispered to me it was a token of joy in this country to fire little guns. The Count de Nola and sixteen lords complimented the Queen. I counted them whilst he made his speech. She answered them in Italian, and then they cried "Evviva" again. Louis laughed at the men which ran screaming by our side. He took from the Queen her nosegay, and threw flowers to them, which they caught in their hands and pressed to their hearts. It liketh me well to be the daughter of a king. I will not marry a count, or a duke, no, nor any one but a king. Agathe says I was promised to Pierre de Luxembourg, and that he should have been a fitting husband for me when my father was Duke of Lorraine, but not now when he is the King of Naples. I will not wed him, and be only the Countess of St. Pol. I am too tired to write any more.

I fell asleep last night with my pen in my hand, and woke up crying "Evviva."

June 15th.

The black death, which was at Tarascon, is now at Naples; I hope it will not come to Capua, for I do not want to die, but to live in this fine palace, of which all the walls are painted, so that we need no other pastime but to look at them. The gardens are full of figures of beasts and birds, and sometimes persons, which appear all of a sudden; and if you set your foot in one place, a fountain springeth up and sprinkles you with perfume. It should seem as if fairies lived in these green alleys, and played us tricks. But Queen Joan was the fairy which made this palace. I asked Barbe if she was good. "Good insomuch, madame," she answered, "that she left this kingdom to your royal father." Théophanie sighed when I spoke of the good Queen Joan. She sighs often now, and is not so merry as in France. I wonder she can be sad here, where each day is like a festival, and the sun always shines.

Last night, when Agathe was combing my hair, she said, "Ah! how well a crown will become this lovely head!" I asked her which king I should marry. "O, well-a-day!" she replied, "report says that the King your father shall soon be set free, and that the Duke of Burgundy, if he releases him, will have madame to wed her consin the King of England." I snatched my hair out of her hands, and cried in great anger, "I will not be the Queen of Eng-



land—no, not if the Duke of Burgundy should cut my head off.” “And wherefore not?” said Agathe, laughing; “the English King is reported to be already more handsome than any other prince in Europe, and so puissant a monarch that his wife shall be the greatest queen on the earth.”

I care not for what Agathe says. I hate the English, who burnt to death the brave Pucelle. I would kill every one of them if I could. I would crush them with my foot, as I did the wasp which stung Louis to-day. I would tie the Duke of Bedford to a post, and burn him to death, as he burnt Jeanne. She was not a witch, and he is, I am sure, a wicked devil.

I looked at the map this morning, to see if England is as large as France or Spain. It is smaller than France, but bigger than Lorraine or Provence, or even Naples, I think. Agathe told Théophanie, and Théophanie told the Queen, that I said I would not marry the King of England; upon which she commanded her to chastise me, because it is not seemly for a princess to speak of marriage, and to say she will or will not marry any prince. Her parents do choose her a husband, and she hath only to obey. I loathe to be chastised, not for the pain, but the shame of it. Alizon, who was maid to Queen Katharine in England, says that when King Henry was a child he was made to sign a warrant for his nurse, and afterwards for his governor, to whip him, or it should have been high treason to lay hands on his majesty. If I had been in his place, they should never have had that warrant from me.

I do not often write in this book now, for I learn Italian and Latin, and read all the books I can. I heard yesterday Jean Manget, one of my brother's tutors, say to the Count of Nicastro, who was commending my face, “Ah, signore! Madame Marguerite hath all her father's wit and ingenuity, and her mother's strength of will. This young princess's praise goeth beyond the reach of my describing. In her eighth year she hath more learning and reflection, and a greater aptness in conversing, than most women at fifteen. Her beauty, which you praise, is the worse half of her merit.” Well, sith God hath given me beauty and wit, I will acquire knowledge, which will teach me to use them. I will be the most excellent princess in the world, and famed for it at an age when others are content with playthings. I have thrown all mine into the sea. One fair doll I would fain have kept, but I kissed her once, and then cast her away, for I have resolved that books and the gittern and limning shall be my only pleasures now.



## CHAPTER V.

THE EARLY MORN.

Naples, 1436.

Six months have passed away since that last page was written. The child Marguerite is no more. Like the little worm which turneth into a butterfly, she is now changed into a young princess, not yet very tall, but wise for her years. She cares not now for toys, nor much for sweetmeats. She studies with her brother's tutors, and is much commended by them for diligence and quickness in learning.

This day I went with the ladies of the court, Enrico d'Auna the seneschal, and Messire Antoine, to see the paintings on the walls of the church of Santa Chiara, which were designed by one Giotto, whose real name was Angiolotto, which did become him well; for those who by their thinking and their hands do work the fairest things on earth must, I think, most resemble the angels in heaven. Messire Antoine told us the designs in that church were wrought by the hand of this great painter, who was once a little shepherd boy, and with chalk drew so cunningly on a stone the likeness of one of his sheep, that Master Cimabue, when he saw it in a lone place in the Apennines, carried him to Florence, to teach him to paint. But it was Dante Alighieri, Giotto's friend, and the greatest poet the world hath seen, who imagined what the other wrought. Messire Antoine will not suffer me yet to read the Divine Comedy. "When madame is older," he says; which displeases me, for it takes a long time to grow old. To pacify me, as we walked in the convent garden, he told me this little tale:

"Madame must know," he said, "that in Florence they have a pretty custom of keeping a festival in honour of the Spring. On the first of May the citizens assemble their friends, and entertain them in their houses. One Folco Portinari, about one hundred years ago, invited all his acquaintances to his villa, and among the rest, Signor Alighieri, who carried thither his little son, Durante, for briefness called Dante, who was then only nine years old. There were many girls and boys at play under the trees, and after he had feasted at one of the tables on such dainties as befitted his age, he joined in their sports. Amongst that crowd of children was Folco's little daughter, Beatrice, a maiden of eight years. Her fairness and her heavenly modesty were so great that none could look on her without wonder. In her speech and her behaviour there was a wisdom,

gravity, and suavity beyond her age. Each of her features was perfect in itself, and an incomparable harmony reigned in her face, so that she was thought by some to be an angel. The little boy, who was one day to be the great poet, saw her in the midst of her companions, and though he was so young, and she also, he loved her from that time, and loved her for ever after. In a few days he met her walking between two other maidens in a lane, dressed all in white. He was afraid to speak to her; but she smiled in so holy and courteous a wise, and her looks and her words were so sweet, that he went and shut himself in a room to think of her, and, falling asleep, he had a beautiful vision."

"What vision?" I asked.

M. Antoine smiled, and did not answer. Then I said:

"Was Beatrice a real maiden, or is this little tale an allegory?"

"Ah! madame," he replied, "some do maintain that the Beatrice which the poet writes of in his great poem is Folco's daughter, who died young; but others, that she is only a name for Heavenly Wisdom guiding the soul to Paradise."

Last night I was lying awake, looking at the stars, and thinking they should be the houses where the saints live, and I began to consider if I would be a great queen or a saint. Anna, who comes from Viterbo, has told me that St. Rose, when she was only nine years old, which is now mine age, went into the streets to preach to the people that they should do penance, and fight for the Pope against the wicked Emperor Frederic. I would like to be such a saint as this St. Rose. I said so to Brother James della Marca when I went to shrift to-day, and he told me this story:

"Once upon a time there stood a crowd of poor people at the gate of Heaven, waiting for it to open. Then cometh St. Peter, with his keys in his hand, and crieth, 'Make room, make room, all you poor people. Here is a princess about to enter into Heaven.' Then the poor people said, 'Marry, good St. Peter, we thought on this side of the grave princesses should not be of more account than beggars.' 'Ay,' quoth St. Peter, 'but you see we have so many beggars and poor persons coming this way every day, that we think nothing of them; but when a princess entereth Heaven, it is so rare a sight we must needs make much of her.'" I like Brother James, and I will be one of those rare princesses which go into Paradise.

Yesterday many young lords and ladies came to spend the day with us, because it was Monseigneur Louis's birthday. There was a banquet, and pastimes and plays in the garden. At night cunning

carvers came to entertain us, which caused things to appear which were not, as flying dragons in the air; and they threw balls of fire at each other's heads, which burst with a sound like thunder. We danced the Capello, and Ciarletto Carracciolo was my partner. He danceth not so well as the Conte di Malatesta, but he hath more wit. He told me a story of two young lovers at Verona, Romeo Montecchi and Giulietta Capuletti, which fell in love with each other at a ball in the house of Giulietta's father. He said, when he heard it, he could not believe love should be so sudden; but that since he had come into the palace that day, he had become so enamoured of a lady, that nothing could exceed it, though he dared not whisper her name. He asked me if I had loved any one yet. I said that when I was at Nancy, Pierre de Luxembourg had said he would be my knight, and fight against all such as should deny me to be the fairest princess in the whole world. This made me love him very much; for I liked to have a chevalier which would kill all those who said I was not fair. Then Ciarletto said he would fight for me, and die for me, if I would love him. But I said I would not, for that he was not a king; which made him so angry, he would not dance with me any more.

This day the Queen gave me a long rosary of costly beads set in gold, which belonged to her mother, and my dear brother a fair copy of a sweet book, "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." I would fain go to Assisi, and to Our Lady of the Angels, and to the mountain of Alvernia, which, after Jerusalem and Rome, should be, I think, the most sacred spot in the world. I read to Théophanie the story of the peace the saint made betwixt the city of Gobbio and the wolf; and she liked it well, for she would have every one be at peace with one another.

I am ten years old; and this morn I received, for the first time, the good God into my heart, with a restful, delectable, overpassing joy. After I had left the chapel I craved to be awhile alone, which is not often granted me, but was not then denied; and, with mine head resting on my hands, I sat at a window which looketh on the bay; my breast as tranquil as the smooth deep sea, and thoughts passing through my mind without troubling it, like the white birds on the surface of that blue water. When I had been there well-nigh an hour, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and, looking up, saw my mother, the Queen, standing by my side. She gazed on my face meekly and urgently, with a look of endless love.

"Marguerite," she said at last, "this life is full of troubles, mostly for such as are born nigh unto thrones, and, which is

worse, with many temptations. We may not stand so long a space as the twinkling of an eye without the keeping of God's grace; and when royal persons offend, it is like the falling of the house of which the Gospel saith, 'great was the fall thereof.'"

Then she, who was not wont to speak of herself, but seemed moved to it in a sudden manner that day, took me on her knees, and conversed with me a long time, disclosing the nobility and greatness of her soul, and showing forth the mighty help she had had from God in her great straits. O, brave heart of my mother, first known this day—(a meet one for this lesson)—heart which fears God, and hath no other fear, I would fain resemble thee in thy great griefs, if in virtue I may also liken thee!

## CHAPTER VI.

KING RENE.

Naples, 19th of May 1438.

My hand is trembling for joy, and the gladness I feel exceedeth what my pen can describe. The king, my fair and noble father, is come. I have seen him ride through the city on his white charger, with a gold crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, my two comely brothers by his side. When he passed, the people knelt, as if he had been a god come to reign over them. And is not the likeliest thing to God on earth a monarch which to his exalted rank and royal greatness doth add beauty of outward form and a natural majesty tempered by sweetness? When a great shout rises from thousands of hearts at once, it stops my breathing, and from my head to my feet there thrills a quivering passion, which ends in tears. If any should wish to paint a demigod, let them look at King René; or if a hero, study his actions. If they would describe a perfect man wearing virtue in his face, grace in his aspect, towardness in his behaviour, let them scan his visage, copy his gestures, list to his speech. If some great limner should desire to represent on wood or canvas Hector or Achilles, let them use King René's semblance, and all the world shall applaud. If St. Sebastian or St. Maurice, draw his likeness when he prayeth. If a sage, the king when he is reading. If a poet, when he museth. If Apollo, when he playeth the viol. If a father, still the king when he encircles his children in his arms, and says so pleasantly, "The fairest fortune a prince can bequeath his heirs is the love of faithful subjects."

If there is happiness on earth, it should now reign in this land and in our hearts. For the spring with pleasure leads forward every passing hour, and the air which breathes delight, and the sun-

shine gilding the flowers, and the sparkling waves kissing the shore, join in one choir of gleesome harmony. Each day in the king's company I learn more of the story of this country in past ages, and of what poets have written, and skilled men of all times invented to adorn yet further, and extol this piece of earth which God himself hath made beautiful, colouring it with hues which no painter can match, or he shall be supposed to exceed nature. "O, that I were not a king!" my father sometimes exclaims; "and that in these bounteous groves, and on those blue seas, amidst ruined temples and Christian sanctuaries, I might live for God, for prayer, thought, poesy, and art."

"Would you then be a monk of St. Benedict, sire?" my mother once replied. "For if this should be your pleasure, I will gladly be enrolled amidst the daughters of St. Scholastica."

"Nay, nay," cried the king; "jeer me not thus, sweet Isabel. "Thou shouldst be a meet postulant for the cloister, who art never seduced by earthly enticements; but, alas! a passion for war's grim pageantries and the likeness of them in the tournament, the bewitchments of varied scenes, the passion of scenic lore and music's wild enchantment, will abide with me as long as I live."

"O, wayward prince!" she fondly answered; "to sigh for peace, and cling to unrest!"

"Thou wouldst not forsake the throne, Isabel?" he asked; and then she answered,

"Yea, my lord, very readily, if God so willed it. But His vicegerents should not fly from the posts He assigns. Our subjects, like unto our children, are committed to us by the Supreme King, who at our hands will demand an account of so great a trust."

When this people see the king, they madly worship him. There are some who say he is too good, too *débonnaire*. When the provinces revolt, moved by Alphonso's emissaries, he conquers them; only afterwards to forgive and favour them. Some Calabrian peasants, which would have murdered him some time ago, he straightway pardoned, and gave them safe-conducts to their homes. If I had been him, I should have punished those wicked wretches. But he goes and sits in the country people's huts, eats of their poor fare, learns their savage songs, and plays them on the gittern. When he is in Naples, not St. Januarius himself, if he came to life again, should be more honoured than the king; but if he turns his back awhile, even to fight for them, this people are shaken in their allegiance, like poor weak rootless trees when a foul wind bloweth. They are as perfidious as the sea, and as fickle as the wind. I

begin to hate them. I told Ciarletto Carracciolo I despised the Neapolitans, and I am glad I did so; albeit he looked as if he would have killed me.

I have not written in this book for a long time. I like not to note in it troubles and griefs, but rather triumphs. To-day I heard my father harangue the people in the Piazza San Salvatore. The famine hath been dreadful; and he said he could no longer see them starve and perish for his sake. His heart is breaking, and the tears flowed down his visage. He said he must needs release them all from their allegiance, and would return to France. It pained and angered me to hear these words. I would starve and die sooner than yield to the Spaniards; and wherefore should not these mean common dastards starve and die too? They are as mutable as a weather-cock; for when he said he would go, then they fell to weeping and shouting they would not part with him. But I liked not their evvivas, as I was wont to do.

To-night I have great content in writing what I have seen. When the light declined, the king gathered round him in the court of the palace all the nobles of the city, and from the window I beheld them gathered round him. He stood by his horse with a drawn sword in his hand, Monseigneur de Calabre and forty French knights on each side. This time his words rang in mine ears like the sound of a trumpet. He said he was going forth to die or to conquer; that as long as Naples was faithful, he would shed the last drop of his blood in her defence. That to his noble lieges he commended his most precious treasures, his queen and his children, the while he went to meet their enemies and his. They all shouted, "Tarry, tarry with us, our king, our Rinaldo. Long live the King of Naples!" But he sprang on his horse and darted forward out of the town with so great speed, that his knights could hardly keep up with him. Then Raymondo di Bartello cried, "To horse! to horse! Let us follow our king!" and like one man the Neapolitan lords rode after their monarch.

Now Naples is besieged! The King of Arragon is encamped nigh unto the walls. My father is away conquering province after province by his valour, and hearts by his clemency; but food cannot enter. The people are waxing desperate. They starve and go mad with hunger. I have given my gold and silver ornaments, and my only costly ring, to be exchanged for bread; and my mother all her jewels. But soon there will be no bread to buy, and then what shall happen? I see her weep when she eateth; and the sight of

pale haggard faces when we ride abroad almost breaketh her heart, for the women hold up their famishing children in their arms when we pass, which is a sight of dreadful pity. A thought came into my mind this morning; a great thought, if I can do it. I will steal out in the night, and like that brave Judith, of which the Holy Scriptures say there was not such another woman upon earth in look, in beauty, and in sense of words, I will secretly repair to the enemy's camp and cut King Alphonso's head off; and then all his army will be filled with fear and run away, and I shall have delivered the city. I shall be renowned in all Europe as the bravest princess in the world, and the starving people shall have bread, and bless me all their days. I must have one of my maids to go with me. Agathe says she should be too affrighted. Barbe made me angry, for she pretends it would be a sin. "That is not possible," I answered; "for the Holy Scriptures do commend Judith for a like action." Then she urged we should perhaps be killed. "I heed not that," I replied, "for then we should go to heaven." She said she was not sure of that, for that to kill any one, and mostly a king, was a doubtful action, if he was ever so wicked. And besides that, she added, "the gates of the city are shut, and we cannot get out, and madame has no weapon wherewith to cut the king's head off." "I can take Louis's sword with me," I said, "which he hath left behind him, and I will deal with the warders so that they shall let me pass. Then will you come?" But still she said, yea and nay, and would not promise. At last, quoth she, "Madame, I will follow you, if your confessor commends this project." Then I was glad; and I have promised to go to shrift to-day, for I do not doubt that Fra Jacopo will urge me to fulfil it; for he doth nothing but pray for this starving people, and says it is a poor dole to give our jewels to feed them; that we should be ready to sacrifice our life's blood for their sakes.

I went with Théophanie to the church where Fra Jacopo comes to shrive me, but I told her naught of my intent; and I am glad I did not, for I think Fra Jacopo smiled when I spoke of it. I could see he did, though he covered his mouth with his hand. He says it is not lawful to kill any one in that wise since our Lord hath come into the world; and above all not a Christian prince, albeit he should be our greatest enemy. I said, displeased, "Then I am not to be like Judith, and save Naples?" "Nay," he said. "But I will tell you, madame, how you may resemble her. You can make yourself a chapel in your palace, yea, in your own chamber, and wear hair-cloth and fast, and ask the Lord, with tears, that according to His will He will show mercy to us, and humble your



soul before Him." I must needs remain contented with this advice, for now Barbe will not go with me; and I should be afraid to go alone and unshriven to do that thing.

Corn hath come into the town, and great droves of oxen and sheep; and the citizens are beside themselves with joy. For by a wise stratagem the king my father procured the entrance of these provisions into the town; and he now marches to our rescue.

Tidings have arrived from the Capitanate. The King of Spain is sick at Lucera, and the fight is begun. King René is about to fall like unto a lion on the Spaniards. Yet a few hours more and Alphonso shall be his prisoner, and Naples free! O God, I would fain pray; but my heart beats too fast. Minutes seem hours! hours days! O, that I could fly, like yonder bird, and see the battle! O, that I were a man, and had my spurs to win this day! I cannot sit nor yet stand still. I take my pen and lay it down. The least noise makes me start. I hate to wait; 'tis the curse of woman's lot.

Victory! victory! the news hath been brought by one from the battle! Naples and France have won the day. King René hath driven the Aragonese before him like the wind doth the leaves in autumn. Alphonso is surrounded; he cannot now escape. Ah, they are shouting in the streets. They have heard the glad news. They call for the Queen. Evviva! evviva! The sailors far out at sea shall hear that cry and marvel at its might.

When they saw us the shouts waxed deafening. I waved one of Louis's flags. Methought they would have scaled the balcony, so great were their transports.

If there is a hotter place in hell than any other, or a more fearful torment than any Dante doth paint, shall it not be awarded to traitors? The pain I feel is worse than grief, worse than extreme pain of body. I am too much angered to weep, and my temples throb with a terrible pulsation. Caldora, I hate you. Caldora, your treason is so black that I have not words to describe it. You, whom my father loved and trusted; you, the king's friend—once honoured by that name, now most shamed by it, for highest honours breed deepest disgrace when caitiffs usurp them. O, cruel, unkind friend—friend worse than the bitterest foe—to snatch victory from his hand whom victory so well becomes. To stay his brave troops with a false order, and play the most foul traitor's part. My Lord Constable, but yesterday I should have scorned the man which had dared to call you false. O, I am sick with grief and trouble, and

somewhat wroth (which most aileth me) with my father; for I have heard the Queen exclaim: "Alas, alas! what hath he done? René, my lord, is frank to a fault, and merciful to excess. What can serve him worse than to charge the traitor roundly with his guilt, and then, after a brief confinement, quickly forgive him, nay, restore him to his favour? My lord hath the courage of a lion and the gentleness of a dove, but he sorely lacketh the needful wisdom of the serpent." But a king should be wise. I would my mother were the king, and my father the queen!

I like not to look back at that last page, albeit my father hath returned to Naples, and there is peace for a brief time. I am yet troubled when I think of Alphonso's escape and Caldora's treason, who has now openly joined the Spaniards, though the king's forgiveness should have heaped coals of fire on his head. But for his vile perfidy, this fearful contest would now be ended. But Hope smileth again—God defend it should be a Siren's smile—on the House of Anjou, and the good king's presence, like unto a loadstone, draweth all affections towards him. Festivals and rejoicings do again occur, and at this time in Castel Nuovo there is gathered together the noblest and fairest company imaginable. In the palace-yard are enacted allegories which please the eye and exercise an attentive mind. Now that I am twelve years of age, I assist at these pastimes, and often converse with the courtiers and lords most famed for their wit. I was most pleased to-day with an ingenious piece of acting, wherein the three greatest heroes of antiquity, Alexander, Scipio, and Hannibal, contended before Minos, the monarch of the infernal regions, for the foremost rank in the annals of fame, each in turn setting forth the merit of his actions. Minos, who was a learned lord, somewhat enamoured of me, inquired beforehand which of these great men I preferred. I answered, Scipio, for that he was more virtuous and equally brave with the others. Alexander should come next, and Hannibal the last; for I hated Rome's enemy, which, of all ancient nations, was the greatest, and most, I thought, to be admired. At the end of the play, Cyprian de Mero, who enacted Scipio, made a long speech, in which he likened king René to that great Roman, and the king of Spain to Hannibal. "For," he said, "Alphonso being old, cunning, crafty, and treacherous, doth resemble the Carthaginian; but you, sire, like Scipio, are young, just, prudent, and truthful. Murder, rapine, and bloodshed followed Hannibal's steps; and your enemy, sire, hath spread famine, slaughter, and desolation in this land. Scipio defended Rome, and you, sire, are the shield of the Church, which hath its centre in the Eternal City. Brief prosperity

lifted up the soul of the proud African. Transient successes swell the pride of your arrogant rival. You, sire, like Scipio, are brave, firm, and patient in adversity, and your final triumph shall surpass his. Go on, sire, reign and prosper. Advance from virtue to virtue, and then, not in the court of Minos, but in the realm of God most high, you will for ever reign with the saints and the blest."

I misliked not this discourse; but methinks I have sometimes written a more artful one in my lessons of history.

O, how brief are earthly joys! The joyous pastimes of last year are exchanged for so great disasters that the king is well nigh distraught. Naples is now beset again, almost on every side, and the famine so fearful that the women throw their children under the feet of the king's horse when he rides, and cry to him to feed or destroy them. He, who hath the tenderest heart in the world, must see his subjects perish, for there is none to help them. A triple curse, war, famine, and pestilence, doth scourge this land. If it had not been for a letter of the Doge of Genoa, which raised a little his drooping soul, he had almost died of sadness. He can endure the extremity of suffering which only touches himself; but others' pangs move him so deeply, that a woman's sorrow doth not approach to his. Nothing will serve him now but to send my mother and me back to France, whither he will follow us when the last ray of hope shall have passed away for the House of Anjou. How like unto a dream do now show the few last years! Stormy ones, I ween, to those old enough, which I was not, to study the clouds, and mistrust fitful gleams of deceiving brightness. Farewell, Italy! Farewell, Naples! The common people here have a saying, "See Naples, and die." Shall this be my fate? What lieth before me, whose life is only lately begun? God knoweth! When I open this book again, I shall behold another sea, another sky, another land, other faces. 'Tis a taste of dying, methinks, to leave any place long known and early loved, never to return to it. O, my father king, the old yearning to be a man cometh back to me in this hour, when a kingdom vanishes in thy grasp like a morning vision fled. If Marguerite had been a son of thine, not a seely daughter, then she had fought with thee for Naples, watered its soil with the best blood of Anjou, conquered, or, at the worst, died.

After writing this, I sought my father, and found him stringing beads, whilst the colours on the canvass on which he paints were drying. I marvel he can be limning and making rosaries when he is losing a fair realm. He says the work of the hand and the eyes stays painful thinking. My hand and my eye could never so cheat my mind.

I have bade farewell to Fra Jacopo, who prayed God to bless me. He said he hoped we should meet in heaven. I must needs strive to forgive Caldora the traitor, but none knoweth how hard it is.

On board the galley, in the bay of Naples. "Towers and spires of fair Naples, for the last time I gaze on you. Most beautiful handiwork of the good God—bay which hath not, men say, its like on earth; mountain from which liquid fire floweth; sea, only matched by the sky which it mirrors, farewell. Good-bye, Naples—good-bye, all."

## Judi alteram Partem.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS."



"WHAT are our opponents saying?" is as natural an inquiry, and as anxiously made by those who are deeply interested in a struggle on behalf of the oppressed, as "What are the wild waves saying?" by those who have friends at sea. Our readers—whom we trust we may assume to be all deeply interested in that "cry from the depths" on behalf of helpless prisoners and still more helpless orphans, which has lately gathered volume and intensity enough to force itself on the attention even of men engrossed by political discussions—will wish to know what has been said on the other side. Has any inaccuracy been pointed out in the statements circulated by the friends of the oppressed? Has any plausible argument been put forward to show the inexpediency of redress? Or, again, has any concession been made? Are there any symptoms of a real inclination to respect the rights of conscience and the broken hearts of desolate or dying parents? Can those august titles of "Guardians of the Poor" and "Visiting Justices" be henceforth generally given with less of a parallelism to the use of the name Eumenides as borne by the Furies of old? Or, on the other hand, are any of those partial and nugatory concessions offered, the effect of which is only to cool down the zeal or cause a division in the ranks of the champions of redress, and to leave the mischief hardly less appalling than before, with less prospect of any speedy correction?

We shall probably, then, be meeting the wishes of our readers by condensing into a few pages the substance of what, as far as we know, has been urged in answer to—and what has appeared in consequence of—the thousands of petitions which have been sent in from all parts of Ireland and from very many parts of England; the memorials addressed to Government; the solemn and well-weighed words of the Archbishop of Westminster; and the various appeals extensively circulated in England and loudly echoed by the Irish press.

And, as we are writing in behalf of the Irish, we may be excused for beginning our reply to the question, "What has been said on the other side?" in what may seem an Irish, but, like many Hibernicisms, is really a pertinent, manner, by the mention of some things that have

not been said. We shall then call attention to two documents relating to the treatment of Catholic prisoners, lately printed by order of the House of Commons, on the motion of Catholic members. And thirdly, we shall notice what we have been able to discover in the way of attempts to "show cause" why the Legislature should not issue a more peremptory *mandamus* to secure to Catholic prisoners and children the free exercise of their religion.

I. As we hinted just now, much pains have lately been taken, and with some success, to draw the attention of the general public to the case of our oppressed poor. That the *Pall-Mall Gazette* devoted a considerable space to the castigation of the visiting justices of Tothill-Fields Prison, and that the leviathan of the daily press, at a time of extraordinary political excitement, had leisure to splash a leading-article full of cold water over our Archbishop's pleadings for our little ones—with the admission, however, that *if* things were as he described them, workhouses and district schools ought to share the fate of the Bastille—may be taken as some indication that thoughtful men are beginning to see that we really have a grievance. If, therefore, those who are determined to resist our claims for redress could detect any fallacy in our statements, we might expect that they would have pointed it out. But this they have scarcely attempted. The pooh-pooh style of argument, and talk about "noisy complaints and vague declamation;" and "the sort of thing that had to be said to suit the taste of the flock, and to assist a few false impressions about England abroad;" and declarations that Englishmen will never believe such statements; or, again, tirades against popish Priests and quotations from St. Liguori,—may have their weight, but they are not refutations either of facts or of inferences.

A *Letter to a Member of Parliament* has been for some time in circulation, containing a careful statement, arranged in parallel columns, of the differences between the facilities for religious instruction given to all Catholic prisoners in convict prisons and in those few county and borough gaols in which the permissive "Prisons Ministers Act" has come into operation, and the obstacles to religious instruction still placed in the way of Catholic prisoners in all other prisons; with special references to three prisons in London which are known to contain many Catholics. We have not been able to discover any attempt at detecting inaccuracies in this statement, with the single exception of some marginal notes of contradiction in a copy that a worthy magistrate had been perusing with a critical eye.

We do not mean to infer from this that the Middlesex magistrates, or visiting justices in general, would allow the correctness of

that or other Catholic descriptions of the grievances of Catholic prisoners. No doubt a large number of them—perhaps the majority—would express a confident conviction, which we would not venture to call insincere, that no such grievances exist, and that Catholic prisoners are at perfect liberty to exercise their own religion; and would speak of our complaints in the language of the visiting justices of Cold-bath Fields, in the correspondence to which we shall have presently to refer, as “based on wholly untrustworthy evidence, and having no foundation in fact.” But this is quite consistent with what we have been saying. It is important to observe—and if any of our readers have been staggered by the apparently triumphant tone of self-vindication with which their reference to our statements of the oppression of Catholics may have been at any time met, we would beg them to consider this—that when the existence of a grievance is denied, the thing denied may really be, not the facts that constitute the grievance, but the fact that they do constitute one, and often only that they ought to be felt as a grievance. Some Poor-law Guardians in London are amazed and indignant at denunciations of their cruelty for huddling dying men and women into less space than is allowed to healthy convicts, and committing them to the care of imbecile and drunken nurses. They cannot see any grievance in beating carpets close to the beds of the agonising. They think a pauper has no objection to be laid out for dead before the breath has left his body. At all events, they are quite sure that paupers *ought* not to mind such things, and that it is a calumnious misrepresentation to call them oppression of the poor. Much more may a Middlesex magistrate quite honestly score a paragraph with a running note of “wholly false,” or answer a remark in society with an indignant denial, without even intending to point out any inaccuracy with regard to facts. That it should be a grievance even to a benighted Irishman to receive visits from the worthy chaplain, or to be publicly moved by “Scripture in sundry places to acknowledge and confess his sins,” or to be asked by a Scripture-reader questions about his past life, or to listen to edifying tales of Dairymen’s Daughters, or to historical details about the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth,—is a conception to which the magistrate’s mind is not equal. So he not only denounces the whole agitation as groundless, but uses strong expressions about the falseness of the charges; although, on cross-examination, he would admit the truth of almost every item, if it were stated according to his point of view instead of ours. Still, it is remarkable that there has been no attempt made in print to disprove our statement of facts.

So also, neither the circulation of a pamphlet containing a



simple account of the manner of proceeding of the visiting justices of Tothill-Fields Prison with regard to a Catholic clergyman who held a certificate of their approbation for his exact observance of rules, but who had made himself disagreeable by insisting on some attention being paid to the provisions of the new Prisons Act in behalf of Catholics, nor the animadversions of a leading Protestant journal on their conduct in far more energetic terms of reproach than any Catholic had used, have, as far as we know, elicited any counter-statement.

Again, something like a public discussion of the alleged Catholic grievance in three of the London prisons had been really expected. After memorials had been addressed to the Home Office by the Archbishop with regard to the treatment of Catholic prisoners in one of them, and by the Hon. C. Langdale, in the name of a deputation of Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, with regard to all three, and again on the subject of that little episode of the dismissal of the priest, and had been referred to the visiting justices and replied to by them, notice was given by one of their friends of a motion at the next quarterly sessions of a vote of thanks to them for their spirited conduct. This would give them an opportunity of explaining their proceedings, without any loss of dignity, and before a highly sympathetic audience, but at the risk of a discussion, in case the two Catholics, who are all that have seats in the assembly, or a weak brother not up to the Exeter-Hall standard, might choose to make inconvenient remarks. If such a notice had not been given, one would probably have appeared from the other side for the purpose of calling public attention to the subjects of complaint; but now it seemed needless, and was not done. However, when the important moment arrived, and the presence of a large number of magistrates not usually attending these meetings, and the *diræ facies* of Catholics and even of reporters in the strangers' gallery showed the interest taken in the expected debate, the champion of the justices rose only to withdraw his motion, and send tip-toe expectation away disappointed.

We are not at all surprised that the same disinclination to descend from general to particular contradiction has been shown with regard to the more flagrant oppression of Catholic orphans. Several thousands of the reprint of our former article, *De Profundis*, have been circulated; and the circular, *Summary of Grievances affecting Catholics under the existing Poor-law*, has been still more widely dispersed. In that circular fourteen definite statements are made. They are all proved by the evidence taken before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1861, to which constant appeal

has been made, and which any one can procure. No one has attempted to invalidate that evidence, or to give any reason for hoping that the system then prevailing has been mitigated. "No attempt has been made," as the *Letter to a Member of Parliament* remarks, "to refute any of the statements in that circular, beyond vague suggestions of exaggeration, and vague denials of the fact that Catholic children are treated as is alleged, and as the evidence proved. It has not even been attempted to be denied that all Irish children are brought up as Protestants, except the very few whose parents" (it should have been "parents or relations") "succeed in obtaining by repeated demands from hostile boards that their children be registered as Catholics." And with regard to such denials as have been made of the perversion even of those that are so registered, of course the observation that we made before of visiting justices is *à fortiori* true. The magistrates are gentlemen—men of intelligence and humanity. They have shown a very laudable readiness to alter their arrangements, when they found them to be illegal, although they still interpret the law in what seems to us a very harsh and narrow manner. What poor-law guardians often are, late disclosures have abundantly displayed. Those who can look with satisfied complacency on a state of things with regard to the bodily necessities of their victim, which strikes horror and disgust into minds of ordinary sensibility, are not likely to allow that their arrangements for the supply of spiritual consolation are defective. But the observation reaches farther. The particular atrocities to which we have alluded are, we trust, confined to a few union workhouses. The children in the district schools are, we believe, on the whole well cared for with regard to the body. But if a strong prejudice in favour of cutting down expenditure can make one set of guardians not only guilty of what other men call execrable cruelty, but unconscious that there is any thing to be complained of, surely an equally strong prejudice against the Catholic religion must make the assertions of others, that children known to be—*i. e.* the few who are registered as—Catholics are permitted to practise their religion, are not ill-treated for professing it, or are not debarred from proper instruction, of very little value. When we remember, what we so often witness, and what Fr. Newman has so exquisitely delineated, the apparently complete inability of many intelligent Protestants to allow of the existence of feelings in us with which they do not sympathise, we see that when a secretary of the Protestant Alliance puts his name to some astounding assertion, that Roman Catholics in workhouses suffer no injustice, or that our statements are false, he may very likely have no intention of denying the facts, which to any

unprejudiced person would fully prove every one of those statements.

A good Protestant chaplain, who lately showed a party of inquirers over one of those large district schools in which crowds of Irish children are losing their faith, disclaimed with evident sincerity all intention of proselytising; and then, as an illustration of his fairness, and without the faintest notion probably of the cold shudder that his words would produce in the breasts of his Catholic auditors, went on to say that he should not even know which of the children under his charge had been brought up in another faith, if it were not that from time to time one came into his study to say, "Please, sir, I do not mean to trust in Mary any more, but only in Jesus." What agony it would cause any Catholic parents, not wholly hardened or profligate, to know that their child was formally renouncing the Mother of God; through what a blighting process the soul even of a child must have passed, before it could utter that blasphemy from its heart, and in what tortures of self-reproach it was plunged, if it uttered it only outwardly to escape persecution; and how some of those to whom he spoke would receive his information with the same feelings as if they had been told that children there were made to trample on a crucifix or offer incense to Jupiter Tonans,—all this would be a mystery which the kind-hearted minister not only could not understand, but would not believe. This school, in which no creed-register is accessible, which receives Catholic orphans from four London unions, and in which, as the chaplain informed his visitors, only two children during thirteen years had been sufficiently claimed as Catholics to receive any exceptional mitigation of the uniform Protestant education, would be spoken of by our friends of the Protestant Alliance as one in which "there is no injustice practised, and no proselytism carried on."

II. The first of the documents to which we referred is a "Copy of Correspondence with the Secretary of State for the Home Department on the subject of the Religious Instruction of Roman Catholic Prisoners in Prisons in the county of Middlesex," moved for by Major O'Reilly, and printed by order of the House of Commons. It contains the memorial from the Archbishop, and a statement of the Catholic priest attending Coldbath Fields on the treatment of Catholic prisoners there, with the reply of the visiting justices; the memorial from the deputation to Sir G. Grey on the state of things as affecting Catholics in the Middlesex county-prisons in general, to which no reply at all is given; two letters from the inspectors of prisons giving an account of a more liberal interpretation of the law in other prisons inspected by them, which were sent by Sir G. Grey's order

to the visiting justices of Coldbath Fields for their "information," but apparently not thought by them to merit attention; and a correspondence between Mr. Langdale, the Home Office, and the Tottenham-Fields justices on the subject of their dismissal of the Catholic priest.

We must extract from his grace's letter the following admirably brief and lucid statement of what must be insisted on, until, either by alteration of the law or by judicial enforcement of the law, or by both, each particular has been secured :

"1. A *bonâ-fide* creed-register made in full freedom by the prisoners on entering, and as freely corrected when, through error or fault of their own, it has been incorrect.

"2. Free access of the Catholic clergyman to all Catholics in the prison, on the same regulations as that of the Protestant chaplain to the Protestant prisoners; subject only to the refusal of the prisoner, made to the Catholic clergyman in person.

"3. All interference by books or Scripture-readers with the Catholic prisoners to be rendered as impossible as any like interference with the religion of Protestant prisoners is now."

The memorial of the deputation, like the published *Letter*, is an undesigned development of these points, and a statement of various ways in which the system in force is opposed to them all. His grace declares his belief that "the welfare of the prisoners and the peaceful administration of the prisons will be always compromised until they are secured." At present neither of them has been gained in any prison, except those few in which the Prisons Ministers Bill has been allowed to take effect, and not fully in all of these.

We pass over the lay memorial; although, being drawn up by an able lawyer, it points out very usefully the evasions and breaches of the legal enactments in favour of Catholic prisoners. But we have treated the subject in our poor fashion in a former article, and we must try not to be tedious. To any one, however, who may be engaged in a conflict with visiting justices, it would be worth while to procure this parliamentary paper for the sake of this portion of it.

We proceed to notice briefly the chief admissions of the justices in what they seem to think their triumphant refutation of unjust complaints, and the concessions which they have made since the agitation commenced, for which we thank both them and the agitators. It is admitted, that it is only "since the 24th of December last" that the question on entry as to creed "has been put to each prisoner, and the answer taken down by a responsible and intelligent officer;" and that if a Catholic has been wrongly entered, he is never to be allowed to correct the mistake, unless it be proved that the officer

did not put down the answer accurately. "They are advised that, as the law stands, they have not the power of allowing the register to be altered." Sir G. Grey expresses his opinion that they are wrong in their interpretation; but they adhere to their opinion.

That, till lately, the direction given to the reception-warder as to the way of ascertaining whether a Catholic objected to the ministry of the priest, was to ask him once for all, "Do you wish to be visited by a Roman Catholic priest while in prison?" and that the warder shortened it into "Do you wish to see a priest?" and that a negative answer to this question was considered to be objecting. Of course, nine out of ten Irish, if they heard the question at all, understood it as asking whether they wanted to go to confession at once, and would be amazed at finding afterwards that they were considered to have objected to visits from a priest.

That, till lately, the Protestant Bible and Prayer-book were placed in the cells of the Catholic prisoners, while a Catholic Bible and Prayer-book were given only to those who asked for them; *i. e.* those to whose requests the warder chose to attend.

That Catholics who decline to attend the Protestant service continue in solitary confinement during all that extra time, which the justices deem "simply the result of the provisions of the law."

That the Scripture-reader visits the Catholics in their cells when he pleases, "for purposes of temporal relief," and endeavours "to learn so much of their history and intentions as may enable him to form a judgment whether or not they are deserving of relief;" "reads and explains portions of Scripture in the sick-wards and in the boys' workshop during their working hours," to Catholics as well as Protestants; asks Catholic boys to repeat their prayers, and explains to them that the Apostles' Creed is not a prayer; and that the justices, in deciding on the amount of relief to be given to an out-going prisoner, "receive information from the Scripture-reader." So much for the enactment gained after long toiling, that "no prisoner shall be compelled to attend any religious service held or performed, or any religious instruction given by the chaplain, minister, or religious instructor of a church or persuasion to which the prisoner does not belong." Yet the justices "do not hesitate to express their conviction that, under the arrangements actually in force, every Roman Catholic prisoner within the prison is at perfect liberty to exercise his own religion, and that no such prisoner is exposed to any vexation on account of it;" and that in the same paper with these admissions. What would they say if, in a prison in Ireland, Protestant prisoners were liable to visits from priests and Christian Brothers *ad libitum*; to questions about their past life from them; to public read-

ing out of Popish books, both when sick and at work; to examinations by Papists as to how they said their prayers; and to extra solitary confinement whenever they would not hear Mass, without having any opportunity of ever assembling for any Protestant teaching or service, and without being even able to see their minister, unless when a Popish warder was satisfied that they had not made any objection? And all this after an act of parliament had just been passed for their protection! If only the idea could enter their minds that Papists are real men, and can really feel about their religion what Protestants feel about theirs, how impossible it would be for intelligent men to use such language as that of these justices!

The concessions that they have made are, to amend the inquiry that has done so much mischief into, "Do you object to be visited by the priest?" and to permit it to be asked again when the priest renews his application to see a prisoner; to remove the Protestant Bible and Prayer-book; and to put up a notice that prisoners of another persuasion are not obliged to attend the Protestant service against their wills. They are inexorably determined to refuse to allow the priest to see his flock as a matter of course, except when any one of his own accord objects to his visit, which was evidently the intention of one of the two provisions of the late act in favour of Catholics; and the other provision, shielding Catholic prisoners from Protestant teaching, they continue to break in letter as well as in spirit.

In each of the two letters from inspectors of prisons—*i. e.* of county and borough prisons, who are quite distinct from the inspectors of convict prisons, whose testimony we quoted in our May article—we have an attestation to the satisfactory working of the more liberal system, and the perfect harmony between the Catholic priest and the Protestant chaplain and prison authorities where it is in force. How poor the prospect of such harmony is in prisons where, instead of committing the Catholics to their own pastor, as under the government system, it is left to the warder to decide whether a prisoner objects or not to be brought to the priest; whether he objects or not to go to Protestant prayers; whether he has asked for a Catholic Prayer-book or not, any one who knows any thing of the relations of warder to prisoner will easily see. The letter of the visiting priest of Cold-bath Fields, and the answers of the governor to it, are a good illustration of this. The priest testifies that prisoners A, B, C say they were set down as objecting when they did not, asked in vain for books, were threatened with punishment for not going to the chapel, and so on. The governor "does not believe the statements" of A, B, C, because warders D, E, F assert the contrary. How simply all

this would be prevented by adopting the other system! In the convict prisons these sort of assertions and counter-assertions were incessant, while it was left to the warders to attend to the applications of Catholics to see a priest. Since the priest has had access to their cells, all this, of course, has ceased; and it has scarcely ever happened that a Catholic has refused a visit from him. It is curious to notice, that in a paper lately issued by the Protestant Alliance, in which it is asserted to be "an infringement of the religious liberty of Catholic prisoners" to compel them to see only the visiting priest, the small number of those who desired to see him during the three months previous to Jan. 1, 1862, as compared with the number in prison on that day, is given as a proof of their unwillingness. Thus, in Pentonville the number of Catholics in prison was 73, and of applicants for the priest, 12; in Brixton, 234 and 123; in Dartmoor, 181 and 60. The year chosen is the very year before the change. In the following year the two numbers would have been almost, if not quite, identical.

Of the correspondence about Tothill Fields we have only to report, that the visiting justices considered it sufficient in answer to a complaint from a numerous body of Catholics, sent to them from the Home Office, that they had dismissed a priest for an act which he believed, and showed them that he had good reasons for believing, to have been sanctioned by them, to reply curtly, that they "considered it necessary in the performance of their duty" to withdraw their approval from him for giving books without their permission;—that, being reminded that they had not adverted to the statement in the memorial sent them, that by that dismissal they had deprived 200 Catholic prisoners of religious instruction and of spiritual assistance, they reply very prudently, "that they did not consider it necessary to notice the several mis-statements in that letter," and venture, not very prudently, to assert that another priest, *having offered* his services, and obtained their approval, commenced to visit the Roman Catholic prisoners on the 23d of March; the fact being, that that priest had strongly and repeatedly urged upon them the utter impossibility of attending to Tothill Fields, being entirely taken up with other work, and had barely consented to come once a week for an hour; and that both he and the dismissed priest, and the two Catholic magistrates, had explained to the justices that the effect of their proceedings would be to deprive the Catholic prisoners of religious instruction when they most needed it;—and finally that, being reminded of all this, they simply mention the fact, that they had now given leave to a new priest to attend.

The second document is a return obtained by the O'Connor Don



of the number of prisoners and the number of each religious denomination in forty-one different borough and county gaols in different parts of Great Britain on the 15th of last April, whether there had been any appointment or approval by virtue of either the Prison Ministers Act, 1863, or Prisons Act, 1865, and of "rules, regulations, and restrictions in force in each." The prisons named were chosen so as to comprehend the greatest variety of circumstances. There are amongst them the largest and the smallest prisons; some in which the proportion of Catholics to Protestants is very small—fourteen to eighty-three, and eleven to ninety-three; and one in which the numbers are exactly equal. The whole result, however, strikingly confirms our induction from other information, that probably the whole number of Catholic prisoners would be a third, or between a third and a fourth, of the whole number of prisoners; and also our assertion of the very trifling number of prisoners caring to call themselves any thing else than either Catholics or Church-of-England Protestants. Of the forty-one prisons, two keep no creed-register, in defiance of the positive enactments both of 1863 and 1865. Omitting the four Scotch prisons, where the creed-register is differently kept, and adding up the numbers given by the remaining thirty-five, we obtain this result:

Of the Church of England	Catholics	All other denominations
7021	2366	697

Of the whole forty-one, a Catholic chaplain has been appointed under the Prison Ministers Act in only eight. In all these the arrangements are satisfactory; in the majority of the rest altogether the reverse. In fourteen out of the thirty-seven prisons in England and Wales which are bound by the act of last year to permit a minister to see every prisoner of his own religion without any application on the prisoner's part, unless he expressly objects, the justices on the 15th of April, more than six weeks after the act came into force, permitted a Catholic prisoner to see a priest only "on special application." There are only eight prisons, in addition to those eight that have a Catholic chaplain, in which the returns say that special application each time is not required.

The conclusion from the whole document would certainly be, that there is abundant reason for urging the enforcement of the act of 1863 as a coactive instead of a permissive bill. Why should 176 Catholics in Salford be wholly deprived of the religious advantages given to 200 Catholics in Manchester? Why should Leeds and Birmingham be quite different from Liverpool or Preston, or Coldbath Fields from Wandsworth? If this is not carried, we must surely insist on an act to amend that of last year, so as at least to secure

without evasion the access of a Catholic priest, who is willing to take the trouble, to all Catholic prisoners, and their deliverance from Scripture-readers and Protestant lectures. Something might be done, we think, in the mean time to enlighten the justices of some of the prisons as to what is evidently enjoined by law at present. In several instances it seems that they have never read the Prisons Act, for they actually use the expression: "In accordance with the spirit of the law, prisoners shall be permitted, on their special application, to see a minister," &c. In one case the whole notice of Catholics is: "The Roman Catholic priest visits his sect occasionally."

III. The arguments that have been chiefly urged against seeking legislative interference in behalf of Catholic prisoners and children are not based, as we observed, on any even imaginary detection of fallacies in our statements—for we cannot call declarations that Englishmen will never believe them, arguments at all—but are confined to suggestions, either that the objects of our compassion do not desire relief, or that they do not deserve it, or that the remedy is too expensive, or that the struggle is a hopeless one.

With regard to prisoners, the fact that, wherever free intercourse with the priest is allowed, they thankfully avail themselves of his assistance, ought to make it evident that it is mainly owing to the obstacles placed in their way in other prisons that the number of applications to see a priest is comparatively small; and so turns that very phenomenon into an argument for a change of system. And yet, when we plead the cause of the children, whose parents and relations, if they have any, are impeded by far greater obstacles in the attempt to procure religious instruction for them in their own faith, we are still gravely told that they are waifs and derelicts, whose friends are quite contented to leave them in the hands of the workhouse authorities, and that it is ungracious and uncalled-for in strangers to insist on the philanthropists of the Strand and Whitechapel Unions providing spiritual luxuries, which the children's own relations do not require for them. They have only to prove that their children are Catholics, to the satisfaction of the guardians, on whom they depend, and in whose anxiety to grant every just demand they are bound, in spite of bed-sores soaking into straw that swarms with maggots, to believe; and, if the evidence fails to satisfy them, to be provided with 100*l.* to sue for a *mandamus*, and the thing is done. That in thirteen years only two Irish children in a large school have been proved to be Catholics, must evidently show that their friends rather like their being educated in Protestantism. And so, the reluctance often displayed by the children that are registered as Catholics to leave the playground for the priest, amidst ironical inquiries

about the confession he is going to make, and with the certainty of an abundance of instructive comments for two or three days afterwards, is the same sort of proof that the children themselves are attached to the paternal system around them, and do not desire greater opportunities of contact with intrusive priests. For our own parts, we have been more surprised at instances of courage and determination in bedridden parents claiming their children, and poor servant-girls bearding Boards of Guardians to rescue their sisters, than at the want of such heroism in the majority. We believe, also, that it is often rather the conviction of the comparative inutility of the meagre amount of religious instruction that their efforts, if successful, will procure, than any want of will or courage, that deters them from making efforts. Whenever admission into a Catholic orphanage, or a promise of adoption by a Catholic benefactor, has been procured for a child, we have never found the parents backward to go through the wearisome process of insisting on his being given up. We have been only quite lately edified by the perseverance, through months of vexatious opposition, of an old man, incurably crippled, and at the mercy of the Guardians, in insisting that two daughters, for whom bountiful Catholics had found homes, should be given up to them; and we have no doubt that he is ready to fight the same battle again and again for his boys, if orphanages were open to receive them.

At the same time, we may be excused for taking this opportunity of suggesting, that perhaps more might be done in the way of instructing Catholic parents as to the limited right of obtaining a pittance of religious training for their children, which they even now legally possess, and in the way of aiding them to overcome the obstacles—to them practically insuperable—to the exercise of it. When large numbers of Christian captives were languishing in the galleys and dungeons of the Moors, their sufferings and, much more, the danger to their faith, naturally sent a throb of sympathy through the whole heart of Christendom, and several religious orders were instituted for their deliverance. Those who devoted themselves to this object found that individual manumission by purchase was a slow and precarious process, and ministrations to those in chains only a palliative, and not a cure, of the evil; and therefore they worked hard at interesting Christian princes in the miseries of the oppressed, and at procuring, by embassies and treaties, their wholesale liberation. But while they tried to do this, they were never contented to wait till it was done. They did not omit the palliatives, while insisting on the cure. In the same way, while we are urging our just demands, that the children and orphans of Catholics should be

wholly trained as Catholics, there seems no reason why, in the mean time, the directors of district schools should be allowed so universally to withhold even that which the heartless mockery of legislation now in force has professed to secure to them. We say "so universally," because we well know that in large districts where the poor Catholics have no protector but the already over-worked priest, it is almost impossible for him to add to his other labours that of tracing out the parents of a child who has disappeared, getting their demand in writing that a Catholic clergyman be permitted to instruct him, discovering the district school in which he is undergoing perversion, forwarding the application to the priest in whose mission the school is situated, and, if it is refused, corresponding with the Board of Guardians. But in smaller parishes, or where there are Catholics with leisure to visit the poor, probably a little exertion would often succeed in obtaining the necessary document; and when the application from the parents of a child, or the godfather or godmother of an orphan, had been shown by the priest attending the school, and had been rejected, and the Board of Guardians had refused to interfere, we think that a single lawyer's letter would be generally all that would be further necessary. This would give the priest the right to visit the school "for the purpose of instructing" the child "in the principles of his religion." After all this trouble, it is, as we have ourselves urged, a miserable result, that a Catholic child should be taught a little of the Catholic Catechism one day in the week, and be steeped in Protestantism at all other times; and in the case of many the process of perversion will not be checked. But there will be a few heroes in every band of timid children, however systematically oppressed; and we have known some who have preserved their faith and purity with the help of the priest's angel visit. And, of course, the larger the number in any school that are permitted to see him, the more the courage of each will be supported.

As to the classes for whom we plead being undeserving, it might be enough to ask why orphans and deserted children should be less deserving of a fair chance of learning and practising their religion than others; and whether the end of imprisonment in a "House of Correction" is not reformation as well as punishment. It ought to be more than enough for any Catholic to allude to our Lord's words about scandal to His little ones, and about those who minister to them in prison. Yet we have listened with intense pain to language, even from Catholics, about helping "the industrious poor" rather than "the criminal and improvident," as if it were a fact that all the orphans dragged into apostasy had improvident parents. No doubt intem-

perance makes many parents unable to leave some provision for their families, and swells the number of "summary committals" to prison; and we would join in the crusade against it with the same zeal with which we would agitate for fair-play to the Catholic inmates of workhouses and prisons. But we have a firm conviction that the majority of Catholics in workhouses are there through no fault of their own; and we know that a large proportion of those in prison are there for small faults to which poverty is a great temptation, and many for merely begging, which need not be a fault at all, and may even be an act of virtue. We cannot conceive of any sufferers whose claims to the most profound sympathy are greater than those of a pious father dying, as we have known many die, from labour too heavy for his constitution, and leaving young children to the alternative of starvation or perversion, or of a mother who finds herself and children shut up where no Catholic light breaks through the gloom, in punishment for the legal offence of receiving alms for their support. The statistics in Protestant circulars and fly-leaves of the "excessive criminality of Romanists" merely prove their disproportionate poverty; and the increase of Catholic criminals in a larger proportion than that of Protestant is merely the disproportionate increase of the Catholic element in the population.

The *argumentum ad crumenam*, of course, figures very prominently in popular replies to our claims. "Protestant ratepayers" are invited to thrill with horror at the prospect of "the expense of salaries for the priests, the building of chapels, the purchasing of vestments, chalice, crucifix, candlesticks, and other articles." If they persist in shutting up our children by hundreds in Protestant schools, it is, of course, just as necessary that they should pay a moderate stipend for the support of a Catholic clergyman who will devote himself to one-half of the inmates, as the larger salary of the chaplain who instructs the Protestant half. But this need not increase their expenses; for they will be able to dispense with several of their paid instructors when their services are no longer required for protestantising. And if the only adequate remedy for our grievance is obtained, that of making it legally obligatory under penalties to send Catholic children to Catholic orphanages or families, just as magistrates are legally bound to send them to Catholic reformatories and industrial schools, there will be no possibility of increased expense, as they will only pay for each child the sum which its maintenance in the workhouse would cost. The fact, which cannot be too often referred to, that after a special act of parliament had been passed to give Guardians full power to do this, and the Convent at Norwood had been certified by a Government

inspector to be fit to receive such children, not one of twenty-one different Boards of Guardians would transfer a single Catholic child to its proper instructors, shows conclusively, like the refusal to obey the order of August 1859, and the frequent attempts to detain Catholic children at the expense of ratepayers when Catholic orphanages are ready to receive them gratuitously, that the motive of opposition is not economy, but a hearty hatred of the religion of their ancestors.

The last objection is from the faint-hearted of our own side. After more than five years of agitation, not to have succeeded in gaining even an instalment of protection for thousands of helpless children, not even the enforcement of that pittance, ludicrously at once and horribly inadequate, of 1859, and to have done so little for our prisoners, is doubtless disheartening; and some (but we trust very few) are disheartened, and would dishearten others. But, besides considerations on which we have dwelt before, there are encouraging signs now, which ought to cheer us on. Catholics in England are much more sensible than ever before of the enormity of the evil. Protestants who are not partisans are beginning to sympathise with us, and to allow the justness of our claims. With regard to the prisoners, concessions very insufficient indeed, but not unimportant, have been made. Our opponents betray some misgivings, and occasionally some sense of shame. The horrors brought to light in the London workhouses must, for the credit of the nation, and even of common humanity, lead to some alteration; and those who have proved themselves utterly unfit to be trusted with the bodies of grown men will not be considered irreproachable in their despotism over the souls of children. Especially we trust to the fervent and united expression of opinion from the mother country of their victims. A tide of indignation is rising in Ireland at the treatment of their destitute countrymen in England. The prelates have spoken strongly. In two hundred convents novenas have been going on for our success. We trust that the tide will flow steadily, as well as rise higher and higher. As, in spite of the proverb, we believe "that the willing horse" is often the better for the spur, we trust that Irish Members of Parliament will find their constituents unanimously of opinion that the rescue of thousands of Irish souls is for the present of more pressing necessity than patronage, or place, or even measures of real importance in the sphere of politics, and of opinion also that no representative who thinks otherwise need trouble himself again to ask their suffrages.

## Pedro di Luna.

*(Sketches from the History of Christendom, No. VI.)*

### III.

WHATEVER may be thought as to the fitness of Urban VI. to fill the pontifical throne, and as to the amount of pressure brought from without to bear upon the Cardinals concerned in his election, there can at least be no doubt that he himself was quite free from suspicion as to any possible flaw in its validity. His whole conduct, both before and after this was questioned, bears witness to his perfect sincerity. Indeed, it was his neglect to take any precautions, such as a conscious intruder would certainly have taken, which made the revolt of the handful of French Cardinals possible, and gave to it a great part of its fatal influence on the minds of a large portion of Christendom. We do not speak merely of his reckless and angry bearing towards the Cardinals themselves. The more this is exaggerated—and exaggerated it certainly has been—the more surely does it indicate that the Pope had no thought whatever that his election could ever be questioned by those who had taken part in it; nor do the Cardinals, before they were driven, as it were, to extremities, seem ever to have conducted themselves to him as towards a ruler whom they had the power of confirming or deposing. But, setting this aside, Urban, with all his activity of mind, his zeal for reform, and strong manner of acting when he thought it necessary, took no care whatever either to prevent such a blow as that which was so soon to fall upon him, or to make it abortive when it fell. He made no new Cardinals, whose creation, if admitted by the rest, must have furnished a fresh and incontrovertible argument of the legitimacy of his power, and whose presence in the Sacred College would have reduced the twelve or thirteen “Ultramontanes” to an insignificant minority. He took no care either to secure the persons of the men who had him so much in their power, or to place the great offices of trust in the government of the Church in the hands of his own creatures. He was equally careless of the enmities which he might possibly excite by a strict and arbitrary line of conduct towards others, who might either be valuable allies or powerful foes in the case of an emergency. In this way he unconsciously played into the hands of those who were preparing for him the most terrible disasters. Again,



when the outbreak came, he behaved with so much moderation and patience as to furnish thereby a fresh argument against receiving that most unfavourable version of his character which has so long been current. Urban did all that lay in his power to win back the rebel Cardinals, and even proposed, through his envoys, to submit the dispute to the decision of a general council. On the other hand, every step taken by his enemies stamps them as the most unscrupulous of men; and no partisan of Urban can describe their conduct in worse colours than those in which they have themselves painted it. If it be granted that they were intimidated into making an election, their own accounts tell us that they chose Urban because he was a man who might be expected to lay down the Pontificate as soon as he was told of the invalidity of his election. Why, then, did they not tell him? If the election was itself forced, at least no one compelled them to write as they did to their brethren at Avignon, and to the various princes of Europe, so many days after, announcing that it had been free and canonical. No man forced them to enthrone Urban and venerate him as the Vicar of Christ, and to treat him for so long a time as their sovereign, asking and receiving from his hands favours which it belonged to the Pontiff alone to bestow. Nor did they ever make any attempt to inform him of what was in their minds the real state of the case till their resolutions were prepared; nor when the statement came was it made in a manner either becoming its gravity or the character of the person to whom it was addressed. According to themselves, they had deceived Urban as well as the whole Church; but they neither showed any signs of sorrow for so great a crime, nor gave him any intimation of the falseness of the position in which their act alone had placed him, till they denounced him as an intruder and a tyrant.

The oppressive Roman summer of 1378 was well advanced before the French Cardinals took the first step in their abandonment of Urban. Gregory XI. had prepared a residence for the court at Anagni, and it was therefore natural that his countrymen should apply to the Pope for leave to withdraw to that place about the end of June. The Archbishop of Arles, Camerlengo of Holy Church, accompanied them with the tiara and jewels which were in his custody. There must have been some appearance of treason about this; but Urban was either ignorant of or indifferent to it. The Italian Cardinals remained with the Pope. Pedro di Luna, the Spaniard, did the same. As six of the Cardinals were at Avignon, the party assembled at Anagni was hardly more than a bare majority of the Sacred College, itself very low in numbers; and it is not therefore so surprising as it might seem to be at first sight that its assemblage was allowed

by the Pope. Robert of Geneva was, of course, the dominant spirit among these Cardinals. A politician and a man of blood rather than an ecclesiastic, he seems at once to have prepared to furnish his party with the material means of success in the enterprise which he meditated. It is probable that the entire absence of suspicion shown by Urban encouraged Robert to hope that he might make himself master of the person of the Pope and of the Holy City. For this purpose he leagued himself with Onorato Gaetano, Count of Fondi, who had lately been alienated from Urban by what he considered unjust and harsh treatment. He had lent a sum of money to Gregory XI., which his successor refused to pay on the ground that it had been borrowed for private purposes, not for the service of the Holy See; and Urban had followed up this refusal by depriving Onorato of the rich "county" of Campania, which he had administered as a vassal of the Church. Onorato was a man of violent and unscrupulous character, not likely to let considerations of religion interfere with his interests or his revenge. In the same way Robert of Geneva leagued himself with the Prefect of Viterbo, one of that family of the De Vicos who had already given so much trouble to the Popes. Moreover, the Castle of St. Angelo itself was still in the power of the conspiring Cardinals. Gregory XI. had intrusted it to a French officer, Pierre Rostaing; and, in order to secure a place of safety for the Sacred College in case of a rising of the people, had made him swear that he would surrender its custody to no one except at the bidding of the Cardinals who remained at Avignon. These Cardinals, on hearing from their colleagues at Rome of the free election of Urban, had sent the order to Rostaing to give it up to the new Pope. But before this order was executed, Robert of Geneva and his party interposed, and persuaded Rostaing not to transfer the castle. There seem to have been some negotiations about the matter, and Rostaing appears to have stipulated for a sum of money as the price of doing what he was bound in all honour to do as his duty; for we are told that Urban intrusted one of the French Cardinals—so little did he suspect them—with the money demanded by Rostaing. It was applied to a very different purpose. Robert of Geneva prevailed on his colleague to use it in purchasing the services of the free company of Bretons, the savage brigands whom he had had in his pay some time before, and whom he had let loose on Cesena for the purpose of rapine and massacre after pledging himself to its inhabitants that they should be treated with kindness. On their march to Anagni, which was opposed by the Romans, these Bretons slaughtered about eight hundred men at the Ponte Salaro.

The import of all these measures was clear enough, yet they do not seem to have provoked any violence on the part of Urban. Indeed, he seems hardly to have acted with the vigour natural to a man who thought himself seriously threatened. He may certainly be excused for not easily believing in the hostile intention of the Cardinals, although rumours were rife about the disposition of the latter; and it may perhaps be questioned whether they at first intended to go the full length of proclaiming him an intruder, and electing an Antipope. But all the attempts at negotiation and conciliation came from him. He had still with him the Italian Cardinals, and, as it seems, the Spaniard. He sent them to Anagni, to assure the Frenchmen that they had nothing to fear from him. The seceders replied by pretending that the rumours spread as to their intentions were false; but they then prevailed on the envoys to meet them as their colleagues in a consultation to be held in the lodgings of Robert of Geneva. There, it seems, the plans which had so long been in progress were brought to maturity. The Frenchmen declared that they considered the election of Urban void, on account of the intimidation under which it had been made, and begged the Italians to remain with them instead of returning to the Pope.

The Italians, however, did not yield. They returned to Urban, who was now at Tivoli, and who still would not believe that his enemies were in earnest. But early in August the die was cast. The "Ultramontanes" sent him a violent letter, declaring him an intruder, calling him Antichrist and apostate, and bidding him lay aside the insignia of the dignity which he had usurped. Without waiting for an answer, they followed up this declaration by a public circular, in which they gave their own version of the history of the conclave, and argued that the election having been null, it could not have been made valid by the coronation of Urban, and the honours with which he had since been treated. It is clear that they felt at once the incurable weakness of their position. Lastly, a few days after the issue of this circular it was followed up by another, in which all the faithful were warned not to consider the Archbishop of Bari as the head of the Church, and the Holy See was declared to be vacant. Special letters were sent to the princes and universities which had before received the notice of the election of Urban. The rebellious Cardinals instinctively turned to their own sovereign, the King of France. Charles V. had just lost his wife. The Cardinals actually offered to make him Pope if he would support them. We shall presently see them liberal in offers of the same kind to others. The French king was Christian enough to refuse the proffered dignity; and the time required for the despatch of the messenger and his

return from France delayed the final consummation of the schism till late in September.

Urban still temporised; or rather he exhausted all the means in his power to bring the seceders to reason, and to save the scandal which was now imminent. He still trusted the Italian Cardinals, and allowed them to place themselves in a position of neutrality between himself and their colleagues. They left him for Vicovaro, the nearest town to Tivoli on the road to Subiaco, and negotiated through them with the party at Anagni. He had already, as we have said, gone so far as to propose that the question should be settled by a general council; and this proposal had been made before the last circular of the rebels, declaring the pontifical throne vacant. It was rejected by them. They had already laid their own statement of the facts of the election before the two most celebrated canonists of the time, who had both answered them by declaring that, even according to their own narration, Urban was the true Pope. But the Cardinals felt themselves either strong enough to carry through their design, or too far compromised to desist in the attempt. They threw aside the opinions which they had themselves invited, and declined the offer of a general council.

They had passed the Neapolitan frontier at Fondi, and put themselves thus under the protection of Onorato Gaetano. The three Italians, Corsini, Orsini, and De Brossano, had left Vicovaro, and approached the frontier as far as Subiaco. They were continually plied with messages, entreaties, and promises by their French colleagues. Their constancy gradually gave way at the sight of the preponderant power and activity of the enemies of Urban, who meanwhile remained in inaction at Tivoli, still hoping for a tardy reconciliation. The end of August saw the three Italians at Sezza; and the rupture was at last made irrevocable on the 20th of September. A few days before that, the Italians had joined the rebels at Fondi. The wily Frenchmen had done well to wait so long for an adhesion of so much value to them; and besides, the answer of Charles V. had not arrived. Though the monarch declined the tiara, it is probable that he did not discourage the schism, which was all but established; and he may well be supposed to have been perplexed by the contradictory statements which he had received within so short an interval from the same persons. The Italian Cardinals were at last persuaded to join in a new election by a trick worthy of the iniquitous cause in which it was used. An envoy was sent to each of the three separately, to offer him the papal crown if he would join in a fresh conclave. Without concert with one another, they fell into the snare. The election issued, as might have been expected,

in the choice of Robert of Geneva himself. The duped Italians retired from Fondi in disgust; but they had not the courage to disavow the Antipope who had deceived and disappointed them.

Two only of the Sacred College in Italy have not yet been spoken of with reference to this election. One, happily, stood firm in his allegiance to Urban. This was the old Roman Tebaldeschi, the Cardinal of St. Peter's, who had been mistaken for the new Pontiff at the time of the tumult at the Vatican. He had one foot in the grave, and never faltered in his protestations that Urban was the true Pope. He accompanied Urban in his return from Tivoli to Rome two days before the false election took place at Fondi; but he went to Rome only to die, and set the seal of a last solemn asseveration to his former declarations. Where was Pedro di Luna? He had not joined in the secession to Anagni; but it seems that either his ambition was soon tempted by the prospects offered to him on the side of the seceders, or his resentment provoked by the inflexible sternness of Urban VI. His allegiance was certainly valuable, and he might have expected that it would have been carefully cherished and abundantly rewarded. If Urban was blind to the character of the man, and failed to do what lay in his power to secure him on his own side, he made a mistake which cost himself and the Church very dear. But for Pedro di Luna, the schism might have soon died out: if he had been as hearty and energetic in preventing it as he afterwards showed himself in spreading it, it might even have been altogether avoided. The story runs, that while the division was still in its infancy he asked for some favour from Urban, and was coldly refused. He broke out into a fit of anger, and even of impiety. "Why should he serve this man, who would give him nothing? He would not serve God Himself without reward!" So Judas sold his Master in a fit of spite, because he was disappointed of the money which might have been gained by the sale of the precious ointment of Magdalene. History records few angry outbreaks that have been more steadily persevered in or more fatal in their consequences than this of the Spanish Cardinal. The French had no need to purchase his adhesion by a fallacious promise of the highest dignity in the Church. At the same time his ambition may well have calculated on such an elevation. He was the most considerable man, on account of his influence and reputation, among the seceding Cardinals, if Robert of Geneva were set aside, as he ought to have been in all decency—for he was a man of bad life, and stained with a whole deluge of innocent blood. Whichever side Pedro took, he was sure to be the most prominent person on it. If Urban's early death could have been looked forward to, Pedro di Luna

would have been pointed out as his most natural successor, if he had remained faithful. He became, as we shall see, the actual successor of the Antipope, who took the title of Clement VII. He might possibly have been a great and glorious Pontiff: as it was, he became instead the most mischievous of Antipopes, because the most obstinate and the most longlived.

History is full of instances of the greatness of evil which it is sometimes permitted to a few bad men to effect. But there is no parallel in the annals of the Church to the scandal created by the knot of discontented Cardinals at Anagni. The Christian world was not unprepared for mischief; for the long exile of the Papacy, the relaxation of manners that had followed the great plague, the worldliness which had corrupted many of the higher clergy, and the national hatreds that had been so long nourished and strengthened by the wars between England and France, as well as the divided state of Italy, made almost any thing possible, if those to whom the rest of the faithful looked for guidance and enlightenment gave way to ambition and contentiousness. Still, that a handful of intriguers should be able to disorganise Christendom for forty years is a thing almost unexampled. \* In fact, the rest of the world may well be excused for not knowing what to believe about the election of Urban. Who are to be believed on such matters, if the Cardinals are false? The Antipope had one great advantage to compensate for the lateness of his appearance on the scene, and for the fact that Urban was already recognised by the whole of Christendom. At the beginning of the schism, Queen Joanna of Naples was almost its only support. But the schismatics could do what Urban could not do: they could send to every court in Europe envoys from among the Cardinals themselves who had been present at the election of the successor of Gregory XI., ready to pledge themselves in the most solemn manner that that election had been the result of force. The Cardinal d'Aigrefeuille was sent into Germany; the Cardinal of Poitiers, Guy de Malesec, was destined for England and Flanders; the Cardinal of Limoges went to France; Pedro di Luna to his own country, Spain. It shows with what extreme suspicion the schism was looked on at its very outset, that these high dignitaries, ready to swear to the character of an election in which they had themselves taken part, were unable to produce a greater effect than they did. D'Aigrefeuille was unsuccessful in Germany: the Count of Flanders, a personal friend of Robert of Geneva, had nevertheless not forgotten a letter which the latter had written to him, certifying the election of Urban, and he now threatened his envoy with imprisonment if he attempted to execute his mission in his dominions. England was always firm

on the side of Urban; and the adhesions that were procured to the schism were confined to France and Spain; though Scotland afterwards followed the lead of France, as Portugal, on the other hand, took its cue from England. France was the native country of the schism itself. It was made by a party of French Cardinals; France possessed the fatally tempting rival to Rome, as the seat of the Papacy, in the splendid and sunny Avignon. Yet even France hesitated long; and the great University of Paris was only at last intimidated or cajoled into an acknowledgment of the Antipope. If the schism had been confined to France, powerful as she was, it would still have borne on its brow the unmistakable brand of nationalism. It would probably have died out with Robert of Geneva's life; it would certainly never have lasted half as long as it did. But Pedro di Luna, by great skill and energy, secured the Spanish kingdoms for the schism. They at first declared themselves neutral; but a long examination of the question, held in the kingdom of Castille—it lasted six months—at which Pedro di Luna appeared as the representative of the Antipope, terminated at length in the adhesion of that kingdom to the schism. The cause of Urban must have been feebly supported by his envoy, one of a large number of new Cardinals created by him immediately after the election of Robert of Geneva at Fondi; for we are told that he at last gave in himself, and resigned his Cardinal's hat into the hands of Pedro di Luna, to receive it again from the Antipope. It was not for some years, however, that the example thus set by Castille was followed by Aragon and Navarre.

It would be beyond our purpose as well as our limits, if we were to attempt to trace in detail the history of this lamentable schism. It is sufficiently evident that the division of the Christian world into two obediences was the inevitable result of the unfaithfulness of the French Cardinals to the duties of their great position in the Church. It was almost like a dispute about the personal identity of the heir to a throne: a matter which depends entirely on evidence, and which is perplexed beyond hope to the minds of common men, when witnesses of equal authority contradict one another, or when the only competent witnesses contradict themselves. The contemporaries of Urban and Robert of Geneva had not the means which we ourselves possess for the solution of the question. We cannot tell in what form the story of the conclave reached them, nor could they take in the whole conduct of the Cardinals at a glance as easily as we can. It is not wonderful, then, that men generally followed the impulse given by the wishes or the policy of their secular rulers, and that the great mass of the faithful paid their allegiance to the successor of St. Peter in the person of Urban, or in that of his rival,



according to circumstances of nationality. The one thing that all felt was, that they could not do without a Pope. Nor, again, can we wonder that great and eminent servants of God were to be found among the subjects of the schismatical obedience, though it would be difficult to name any that can be said to have been its partisans. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, no individual, without extraordinary means of research and power of balancing testimony, could have arrived at a certain conclusion on the matter, unless, it would seem, he had been favoured by special revelations relating to it. The saints who lived at the time in Italy and Rome, such as the two Catharines, of Siena and of Sweden, were devoted to the cause of Urban; and each of those we have named had peculiar facilities for ascertaining the truth. Indeed, the arguments used by St. Catharine of Siena in her letters to the Cardinals are unanswerable. The saints who lived under the schism, such as St. Peter of Luxembourg, St. Colette, and St. Vincent Ferrer, had simply no means whatever of acquainting themselves with what had passed in the Vatican after the death of Gregory XI. But we may have more to say by and by on these great ornaments of the Church in the time of her deep calamity.

#### IV.

The further career of Pedro di Luna deserves to be sketched, at least shortly, for the sake of making it still more clear how entirely the duration, as well as the existence, of the so-called "Western Schism" was the work of one or two bad men. The small number of the Cardinals left by Gregory XI. was almost a necessary condition of the evils that ensued. The whole number that met in the conclave at Fondi, which gave birth to the schism, would not be large enough to make up a formidable minority in any modern election. The nationality of the French seceders from the obedience of Urban required, as we have seen, the adhesion of the Italians to make the movement even apparently respectable; and there can be little doubt that one of the greatest services ever rendered to the cause of Robert of Geneva was the securing of the Spanish kingdoms to his obedience. This, as we have said, was the work of the address and energy of the single Spanish Cardinal, Pedro di Luna. We pass over a few years, and we find the Antipope at Avignon, obliged to truckle servilely to the princes and nobles of France, the support of whose king was almost the sole prop of his claims. In 1392, Boniface IX., the successor of Urban VI., had sent into Italy a proposal to Charles VI., begging him to exert himself for the extinc-

tion of the schism. His envoys were two Carthusian monks, one of them a man of eminent holiness, who had himself urged on the Pope the necessity of doing all that lay in his power to put an end to the miseries of the Church. Unfortunately these simple religious determined to go to Paris by way of Avignon, and were for a time imprisoned by order of the Antipope. The king heard of it, and indignantly demanded that they should be sent to him. The Antipope did not dare to refuse; and when the letter of Urban had been favourably received, he went so far as to exhibit a great desire for the ending of the schism; for which purpose he ordered prayers and processions, promising indulgences to the faithful who joined in these supplications. In these desires he may have been sincere, for he must have certainly felt the weight of the evils which had been inflicted on the Church. He had even proposed to Urban, before the death of the latter, the reference of their rival claims to the decision of a council; but Urban, who had been willing to submit his own election to the examination of a council while he had as yet no rival, thought naturally enough that he could not do so after an opponent had been intruded into his place. The mission of the Carthusians came to nothing with the court and princes of France; but it awakened the Catholic zeal of the most powerful body of that day, the famous University of Paris. The University got leave to deliberate on the subject of reunion, and its doctors came to the conclusion that three ways might be proposed for the gaining of that end. They were, in fact, the only obvious methods. One or both of the rivals was to abdicate, or a council was to decide between them.

It might have been thought that the University had made no great discovery, and that the mention of these three courses might have been listened to without alarm in the halls of Avignon. It was not so, however. The mere notion that the King of France might undertake to bring about a settlement of the question on the basis of these propositions terrified Robert of Geneva and his court out of their senses. Every kind of trick was played at Paris to prevent the king, then in a very feeble state, from accepting them; and by the side of the Duc de Berri, a warm partisan of the Antipope, we find, as the successful opponent of all measures of compromise, the adroit Cardinal Pedro di Luna. But his success was not long-lived. The University at last threatened to shut up its schools and suspend its functions unless it was listened to; and this threat carried the day. The king allowed the sending of the proposals to Avignon. The Antipope received them with fury; and shut himself up for some days, to avoid speaking on the subject. But disaffection spread among the Cardinals, who listened to the envoys of the

University. The Antipope took offence, but they told him plainly that they thought the peace of the Church could only be secured by the adoption of one of the proposed methods. This answer seems to have killed Robert of Geneva; at least he immediately fell ill, and was very soon dead.

A great opportunity had now come for the termination of the schism. It was felt at once in France, in Spain, in Italy, and in Germany. The French king sent a messenger, to be followed by an embassy, to the Cardinals at Avignon, imploring them not to proceed to a new election till they had heard further from him. The King of Aragon wrote to the same purpose. The Duke of Bavaria, and the Archbishops of Cologne and Mayence, urged Charles to interfere; and he also received a letter from Boniface IX., whose envoys were instructed to confer with the Avignon Cardinals on their way. At Avignon itself nothing was expressed but a wish for peace; and it was even proposed to elect Boniface IX. himself, and thus cut the matter short. But again a few men—we may almost say one man—stood in the way, and prolonged the schism for a quarter of a century more. In looking over the list of the Cardinals then at Avignon, we find only four names remaining of those who had revolted against Urban VI.—the Cardinal of Florence (Corsini), Guillaume de Aigrefeuille, Guy de Malesec, now Bishop of Palestrina, and Pedro di Luna. The whole number seems to have been twenty-one: the great majority, therefore, though they owed their position to Robert of Geneva, had had no part in his usurpation, and may have been as purely in good faith as the simplest peasant in the remotest village in Europe. It is creditable to them, of course, that they were so much in earnest in desiring to see an end to the scandal, and there is no reason for questioning their sincerity. Pedro di Luna, and the others who had taken part in the election of Urban, either went with the tide or pretended to do so; but they seem to have persuaded their colleagues that the end in view might more easily be gained if a Pope were elected who was devoted and pledged to its accomplishment. Each of the Cardinals was to promise, swear, and sign a paper expressing his promise, that, if elected, he would labour in every possible way for the extinction of the schism, even to the voluntary abdication of the dignity of the Pontificate. The advocates of this decree were in a great hurry to get it adopted: but adopted it was; and the Cardinals entered on the conclave, refusing to open a letter from the French king which arrived before the conclave was formed, from fear, as it would seem, of having their intention hindered. It is said that one of the Cardinals, finding that his colleagues were thinking of uniting their votes in his

favour, declined on the ground that he felt himself too weak to keep his engagement—he should never be able to abdicate. “As for me,” said Pedro di Luna, “if it were to fall to my lot, I could abdicate the Pontificate as easily as I could take off a cope.” It is a pity that the electors did not insist on nominating the first speaker; they listened rather to Pedro di Luna, who again deterred them from making their choice outside their own body, by the election of the saintly prior of the Chartreuse. “Those solitaires,” he said, “are sometimes too stiff and too much attached to their own opinion; they are apt to be scrupulous: we shall never get this one to agree to resign.” He was himself the most conspicuous and able man in the conclave; and finding him so eager to secure the resignation of the new Pontiff, the Cardinals thought that they could not do better than nominate *him*. He took the name of Benedict XIII.

It is curious, that if Pedro di Luna had been the legitimate successor of the Apostle after whom he was called, he would have been singular among all the Roman Pontiffs in outliving on the throne the space of twenty-five years, which tradition assigns to the reign of St. Peter himself. He was elected in September 1394, and he did not die till late in the November of 1424,—as if in this circumstance also his career was to be a sad commentary on the presumption with which he had thrust himself on the Cardinals, as a man who could trust himself to carry out with ease the great sacrifice of abdication. His “Pontificate” was one long battle against the Catholic world, urging him, at one time by threats, at another by persuasion, to accomplish his promise. Yet he began it by solemnly repeating that promise immediately after his enthronisation. He is said to have persevered in his intention to execute it for some few months; but doubts began almost immediately to be raised as to his sincerity. These were but too plainly confirmed when the proposal of his consenting to yield up the tiara for the sake of peace was made to him on the part of the French king. He first of all threw out hints, by means of some secret agents, that he had a way of his own of terminating the schism, which he would communicate if it were formally demanded of him by Charles. Thus he gained, at all events, time. Then he managed to induce a majority of the Cardinals to recommend a discussion between the two parties in some safe place, as the necessary preliminary to a settlement. Then it was only after repeated entreaties, and even threats, that he allowed the schedule promising cession, which had been signed by all the Cardinals in the conclave, to be communicated to the king. At last he was driven to giving a direct refusal to the proposals of the monarch, though urged by his own friend the Duc de Berri, and though

the whole body of his Cardinals gave their adhesion to them, with one single exception.

We next find him engaged in a plot for making himself master of the person of Boniface IX., who was to be compelled to resign, and so leave Pedro di Luna in undisputed possession of the Papal dignity. This plot failed, as well as several embassies sent by the kings of Castille, England, and France, to Avignon or to Rome. Boniface IX. seems to have been himself inclined to fall in with the plan of a simultaneous resignation of the Pontificate by himself and his opponent, but his friends and the Roman people interfered to prevent his formal consent. Pedro di Luna went on from one stage of obstinacy to another. In the fourth year of his so-called Pontificate the University of Paris called on him to keep his oath, and declared that from henceforth it would recognise no act of his against itself. Upon his persistent refusal, the French monarch and clergy adopted the extreme measure of withdrawing all obedience from the Pontiff, hitherto acknowledged by them, in order to force him to yield. Germany supported France in this step. Pedro, however, was inflexible. He was deserted by seventeen of his own Cardinals, who renounced obedience to him; and he had to stand a siege in his palace at Avignon from the forces of Charles. He was almost reduced to extremity, when his friend the King of Aragon, afraid to interfere in his favour in any other way, offered his mediation, which was accepted. Pedro di Luna was the real gainer in the treaty now made, for it gave him, at all events, breathing time. He engaged to accept the proposed plan of resignation, which he had before refused; but he was not bound to resign till the death or the resignation of Boniface IX. He was then to go to a general council, in which an undisputed Pope was to be elected; and in the mean time he was to dismiss his garrison, put himself under the protection of the French king, and not leave his palace till the peace of the Church was attained. It is needless to say that he did not observe these engagements. He was kept prisoner in his palace for nearly five years: then he escaped in disguise, and found the state of feeling so much changed by the hardships to which he had been exposed during his captivity, that the Cardinals returned to him with prayers for pardon, and the denial of "obedience" was revoked. He made, of course, the usual protestations of his earnest desire for peace; but it was soon found that he was as insincere as ever. This was in 1403, nine years after his so-called election.

The next year witnessed the death of Boniface IX. Innocent VII. who succeeded him was averse to a resignation, or, at all events, to treating with Pedro di Luna. The envoys of the latter were in

Italy at the time of the election of Innocent, and their proposals had been rejected by Boniface. They did not consist, however, of a project of mutual cession for the sake of peace; the Pope was only invited to meet his rival, with their respective courts, and confer on the means of attaining union. The proposal was an impossible one for Boniface, whose bodily infirmities made it dangerous for him to travel. Innocent, as we have said, did not encourage it; consequently Pedro di Luna pressed it on, and even went so far as to spend some months in 1405 at Genoa, then under French rule. But he could not convince even France of his sincerity; and before the death of Innocent, in May 1406, it had been again determined, in a national council at Paris, to withdraw from his obedience, though this determination was not at once acted on. But we must leave to those who are more properly the historians of this strange period the task of following out one by one the mazes of tergiversation and evasion through which the ambition of Pedro di Luna led him in his long flight from an obvious duty which he had more than once solemnly sworn to perform. Daylight seems to break on the troubled scene with the election of Gregory XII. as successor to Innocent. He was really in earnest in seeking the union; and was indeed so thoroughly pledged to it, at all costs, by the measures taken in the conclave which made him Pope, that it may well be thought doubtful whether the Cardinals had it in their power to reduce the Pontiff beforehand to the condition, as it has been expressed by an historian of the time, rather of a procurator for the purpose of resigning the Pontificate, than of a full and legitimate Pope. Gregory made the most generous overtures to his rival, who returned them with equal generosity as far as words went, but could not be induced to commit himself in writing. A meeting at Savona was proposed—a place certainly far more advantageous to Pedro di Luna than to Gregory; and we have already seen that the former was by no means incapable of plotting to secure the person of his rival. Gregory naturally hung back; and as he was old and timid, it is unnecessary to attribute his reluctance to put himself in Pedro's power to a relaxation of his zeal for the union. There were innumerable negotiations; and at last the two claimants of the pontifical throne were within a few miles of one another,—Gregory at Lucca, and Pedro at Porto Venere. But the former, having determined to appoint some new Cardinals—contrary to one of the stipulations of the conclave—was suddenly abandoned by the Sacred College, except two of its members; and about the same time opinion turned so strongly against Pedro di Luna in France, that he fled precipitately from Italy towards Spain, abandoned in this turn by the great body of his own Cardinals. This was in 1408.

These events, we need hardly add, led to the strangest phenomenon of all of this strange period—the union of the two rival colleges of Cardinals, each independently of its Pope. From this we may date the beginning of a new order of measures for the healing of the schism by means of councils claiming to set aside the existing Pope and Antipope, and elect a true successor of St. Peter. The first of these was the Council of Pisa, attended by a large number of archbishops and bishops, and presided over by Guy de Malesec, one of the undoubted Cardinals of Gregory XI. It deposed Gregory and Pedro, and elected a new Pontiff, who called himself Alexander V. But it was soon seen that this election had been made before the Christian world was prepared to receive it. Alexander V. died in 1410, and was succeeded by a second “Council Pope,” as we may term him—Balthasar Cozza, who took the name of John XXIII. It was under his auspices, though with much reluctance on his own part, that the Council of Constance was assembled on All Saints’ Day 1414. We have no space to give even the most slender account of this celebrated council; but it is worth while to notice the different and highly characteristic manner in which the three several Pontiffs were finally disposed of to make room for the undisputed election of Martin V. Balthasar Cozza, the convoker of the council, who had promised solemnly in the second session (March 2, 1415), after celebrating the Holy Sacrifice in the presence of the assembly, to renounce simply and entirely the pontifical dignity when his rivals should do so, fled at last from Constance, and after having been abandoned by all his friends, and accused of the most disgraceful crimes, was solemnly deposed on the 29th of May. But when the sentence was announced to him he accepted it willingly and even eagerly, though it was accompanied by a decree for his perpetual imprisonment. Five years later he regained his liberty, but it was only to betake himself to the footstool of Martin V., and acknowledge him as the true Vicar of Jesus Christ. He died a few months after. The abdication of Gregory XII.—the only real abdication produced by the council—was far more dignified, and became in every thing the true successor of Gregory XI. and Urban VI. He never acknowledged the legitimacy of the council called together by Balthasar Cozza. His envoys were for the moment considered as the only lawful authorities present. They read his authorisation for the convocation of the council, and it was convoked formally and confirmed in his name; his own acts were ratified in it, and the Cardinals he had created were acknowledged. Then the Lord of Rimini, Malatesta, his faithful friend and protector, read the bull by which he renounced his pontifical dignity. As soon as the news of this reached him, he assembled his own



councillors, informed them of what had been done, and laid aside for ever the insignia of the Popedom. He survived his abdication two years.

Pedro di Luna was not the man to imitate, in this hearty and magnanimous sacrifice, the Pope whom he had so often accused of being the real obstacle to the peace of the Church. He was treated with the utmost consideration; for Spain, Scotland, Sardinia, Corsica, and the Balearic Isles still held for him. The Emperor Sigismund himself, with a numerous embassy from the council, went to confer with him at Perpignan. First of all, of course, there were delays and pretexts of every kind. At length, on September 19th, more than a month after the date fixed, Pedro received the emperor, and conversed with him for two hours. Constant conferences ensued, in all of which Pedro made the most evasive and general promises, and in none of which could he be led to say any thing definite. One day he is reported to have spoken for seven hours at a stretch. When at last he proposed any thing, it was always discussion of rights, or he was to name his successor, or a certain number of electors was to be chosen on both sides, and his abdication was to follow immediately on the new election. At last, after more than a month of negotiation, it was proposed to him to abdicate in the same way as Gregory XII. If he had accepted this, the council would once more have been convoked, and in his name. Driven at last to give an answer, he made a long speech, the main topic of which was his desire for union. But he ended in rejecting every thing. "He had fought the good fight, he had accomplished his course, he had kept his faith. Henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of justice. He was now left the sole Pontiff. In the existing state of things, if the schism continued, it was not his doing, but that of the council assembled at Constance. Let them acknowledge him as Pope, and there would be no schism, because he had no longer any rivals. Let them never expect that he would abandon the bark of St. Peter, the helm of which had been intrusted to him by God!"

In reading the history of the details of this old man's obstinacy, we seem to have before us the workings of a character of which the Jewish chief priests in our Saviour's time, or at the time of the siege of Jerusalem, are among the most notable instances. Pedro almost succeeded in adjourning indefinitely the solution of the question before the Christian world, by proposing the translation of the Council of Constance to some city in France. The offer pleased the French prelates, who formed part of the embassy of the council. The emperor and the Spanish princes, who had hitherto supported Pedro,

prevented the danger of the acceptance of so insidious a proposal. A treaty was made between them; and at length, on January 6th, 1416, the kingdom of Aragon withdrew from the obedience of Pedro, and St. Vincent Ferrer proclaimed the withdrawal. Castille, Navarre, and Scotland followed the example. Pedro was at last, after long deliberation and formalities, solemnly deposed by the Council on July 26th, 1417; protesting nevertheless that the true Church of Christ was to be found where he was—in his little fortress of Paniscola, —the only spot remaining where his authority was recognised. The Cardinal Colonna, who was afterwards elected by the council, and took the name of Martin V., was one of the Roman Cardinals of the succession of Urban VI., which had thus the distinction due to its legitimacy of furnishing the single example of free and dignified abdication of the Pontificate for the sake of peace, as well as of supplying the Church with the Pontiff who was to unite once more the obedience of the Christian world. But unlike Balthasar Cozza, unlike Gregory XII., Pedro di Luna never acknowledged the authority of Martin V. He lived more than six years after the close of the Council of Florence; and the political interests of the King of Aragon seemed from time to time to secure him some little support. And with his dying breath he did what he could to hand over the legacy of schism to another generation. His last act was to create four Cardinals, who elected an Antipope—Gilles Munoz—who took the name of Clement VIII. The schism lingered on thus, in consequence of Pedro's malignant resolution, for five years more, when Munoz made his submission to Martin V.

This is not the place to draw out in full the effects of what is called the "great schism of the West" upon the state of religion throughout Europe, upon the prestige and power of the Holy See, and upon the fortunes of Christendom in its relation to foes outside its own pale. It cannot be denied that these effects were great and disastrous, though they may have been exaggerated by some historians both on the Protestant and on the Catholic side. It is easy to attribute evils to events which have preceded them in point of time, but which are only indirectly connected with them as causes. The more profitable contemplation of scenes such as those of the "great schism" is that which dwells on the vigorous life and wonderful fruitfulness of the Church under circumstances which at first might seem so unpropitious even to her existence; and those who study the period before us with this intention will find in it a large range of features of the most abundantly consoling character. Even the main outlines of its history are not devoid of interest of this kind. They stamp as with a fiery brand the hateful spirit of nationalism, from which the evils of

which we have been speaking originally sprung, as well as the personal ambitions and petty resentments which actuated the chief movers on the stage of public affairs. They bear witness to a truth of which all history is full—the awful responsibility laid by Providence on the shoulders of a few prominent men in each successive generation, and the immense and far-reaching power for good or for evil, the handling of which is left, after all, to their consciences. Heaven did not interfere to avert from the Church, till after so long a time, the mischief which Robert of Geneva, Pedro di Luna, and a few other men, their associates or dupes, had it in their power to do. In our own days, though we are so fond of boasting of the power of public opinion and the general conscience, the same rule of the providential order of history is not laid aside. It requires but the agreement of a few men in two or three places to desolate thousands of homes, and to put back the work of civilisation and religion in Europe for half a century; and temporary success seems to wait slavishly on those who are the most unscrupulous and unblushing in false assertions and insincere professions.

But the events of the days of Pedro di Luna suggest also happier thoughts with regard to the great central power of the Christian world, then, as now, though in a different way, the object of the most cunning and the most bitter hostility of the powers of evil. We have already pointed out that throughout the whole of Christendom there need not have been more than a mere handful of men in bad faith even on what was in reality the mistaken side of the question. How deeply-rooted and affectionate an allegiance must that throne have elicited which no one could bear to believe vacant, and which a man had but to claim, with even a faint semblance of right, to be surrounded at once by consideration and veneration! The mere shadow of the tiara became an aureole of light to men such as Robert of Geneva and Pedro di Luna. No external misfortunes that befel the Holy See in the days, for instance, of the first Napoleon, or that may befall it for a moment in our days, can be compared to the evils of the times of which we have been speaking; for these last seemed to have fastened as a disease on the body itself, and were not the blows of an enemy. Neither then, nor in the times of Pius VI. and Pius VII., was the devotion of Christians to the Church any thing but deepened and called into fresh life and energy by her sufferings. We may be sure that the result will not be different, if cross after cross has to mark her history in the days of Pius IX.

### The Hostess of Silvio Pellico.

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IN the Campo Santo at Turin there is a column with a white marble bust, marking the tomb and perpetuating the features of the good and gentle Silvio Pellico. Any one who has wandered among Italian cemeteries will have been struck with the tenderness and touching simplicity of the short epitaphs which are there so frequently to be met with; and if his memory is able to carry him back to English churchyards, he will perhaps feel tempted to wish that inscriptions of the same character were more common among them. The epitaph of Silvio Pellico is a single stanza, not written by a native of Italy, but by one who was bound to him by very close ties as a citizen of the common country of all Catholics. It expresses his whole life:

"Sotto il peso della Croce  
Imparò la via del cielo.  
Christiani, pregate per lui,  
E seguitelo."

This epitaph was written by his friend and "benefactress," as he delighted to call her, the Marchesa Giulia Falletti di Barolo, who was attracted to him by reading his works. She and her husband first settled on him an annual pension—for Silvio was poor—and at last, when his home was broken up by the death of his parents, and the departure of his brothers from Turin—one to an estate in the country, another to enter the Society of Jesus—offered him a residence in their own house, where he lived during the remainder of his life. Silvio Pellico was, perhaps, the most famous of the many thousands of persons befriended and benefited in numberless ways by this good Marchesa, whose whole life was spent in the most active and self-denying charity; and though he died, as we have seen, before her, he has nevertheless become, after his death, her biographer, as he was in the habit of taking notes of her actions, and had even composed a short consecutive sketch of her life up to a late date. It is written in that delicate loving style which marks his other works; and although incomplete, is quite worthy of being ranked with them. The character which it describes would, however, command our interest even if it were not commemorated by

Silvio Pellico. It is that of an energetic and devoted Christian lady, worthy of a place by the side of some of those noble souls of whom St. Jerome has written. Her good works have, we are sorry to say, been mostly destroyed under the present irreligious government of Piedmont. Nor did she herself, who had done so much simply for the relief of the most suffering classes—prisoners, outcasts, fallen women, and the like—escape, under the Cavourian régime, the blackest calumnies and the most vexatious persecution. But she has left behind her a memory dear to all the friends of charity and religion; and her example will no doubt bear good fruit in a country the people of which are still thoroughly Catholic, notwithstanding the great efforts lately made to ruin at once their morality and their faith.

Julia Victoria Frances Colbert, afterwards the Marchesa di Barolo, was born at her father's castle of Maulévrier in La Vendée, in June 1785. She lost her mother while still an infant; many ladies of her family, among them her grandmother and her aunts, died on the scaffold; and her father was forced to emigrate with his children. He returned on the establishment of Napoleon's power, rebuilt his castle, which had been destroyed, and lived in quiet amidst the love and gratitude of the country people around him, taking great pains with the education of his children. The girls were trained in pursuits more solid than those which form the staple of women's education; and they seem to have gained also that mixture of energy and piety which we find in the memoirs of so many of the once emigrant families of France. Julia married a Piedmontese nobleman, Tancredi Falletti di Barolo. For some time her marriage did not separate her from France—under whose dominion Piedmont then was—as the young couple spent some months in Paris every year. She began early in her married life to give herself to active benevolence. This *attrait* increased in her as time went on and brought with it no children to engage her care as a mother. Her husband agreed with her in devoting their wealth to the poor. After the fall of the Empire, they seem to have confined themselves more entirely to Piedmont; and the active devotion of the Marchesa increased. She was specially drawn to interest herself in the inmates of the prisons, then, and we fear still, in a state which might have moved the indignation of English travellers quite as legitimately as those of Naples, if there had not been special political reasons for running down the latter. The Marchesa was kneeling one day near a government prison as the Viaticum was being carried to a sick person; and while the people were singing the hymns in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, she heard a shrill

voice screaming from the prison, "It is not the Viaticum, but soup I want!" She immediately obtained leave to enter the prison, in order to relieve the distress of the person who had interrupted the devotions of the crowd, and found, as was only too likely to be the case, that he had screamed out simply from wanton irreverence, and had no need of food. She gave him and his companions some alms, and they treated her with respect. She went on to visit another part of the prison, in which women were collected, and these she found in a terrible state of destitution, and turned almost into wild beasts by their misery. This visit put it into her heart to devote herself to the relief of these poor souls. If any good Christian lady is inclined to follow her example in England, and is deterred by the thought of the numberless forms in which the opposition and thwarting of the officials is sure to manifest itself, let her take courage by learning that in Piedmont, under what was then a Catholic government, the Marchesa had much the same difficulties to contend with. First, however, her own friends and even her confessor opposed her; the latter then told her to make a trial, that it might be seen whether her health and strength would suffer from the undertaking. There was an old Confraternity of Mercy in Turin, such as is to be found in so many of the cities of Italy; an admirably planned and organised institution, but which, as is often the case, had fallen into decay from the laxness of the times and the loss of Christian fervour. Its most active function consisted in distributing soup at the doors of the prisons. The Marchesa joined it, and began her work by serving out the soup. Then she asked to be allowed to stay with the prisoners awhile, which was only permitted in the presence of the jailers. At last, by dint of persuasion, she got them to lock her up with the prisoners and leave her. Then she began to talk to the women, who resisted all attempts at instruction and all mention of religion, but who were at last won over by her gentleness and kindness. She continued her visits in this way for some days, and overcame the opposition of her friends by the proof that she was strong enough for the work. The jailers, however, resented her efforts, and used to lock her in and "forget" to come at the appointed time to let her out again. Then she got herself more formally authorised by the government to continue her visits. She gradually got the women to pray with her, and converted some of the most obstinate by making the others pray for them. Then she began to teach them the Catechism, and even to read, for which purpose she invented a system of her own. She interested herself at the same time for the physical good of those poor creatures, procuring clothes and money for the most needy. At last she had the greater satisfaction of getting an altar erected, so that they could

hear Mass, and a chaplain appointed, whose salary, after the first year, was paid by the government. She met with numberless insults and rebuffs, which she bore with the utmost meekness and charity.

Her work in this prison (Del Senato) led to her being invited to visit also the House of Correction, in some respects in a better, in others in a worse, state than that of which we have been speaking. The rooms were better and more airy; but there was less discipline as to the important matter of intercourse between the male and female prisoners. There also she succeeded in introducing many useful reforms; and she taught the Catechism, read to the women, and relieved their miseries with constant industry and patience. There also she obtained leave to have an altar raised and Mass celebrated. She went on in this way for three years, almost unassisted, till at last a large building, the Casa delle Sforzate, was made over to her, with leave to put in it whom she liked. She accordingly transferred to it the women out of the two prisons we have already named, and another. She now got other pious ladies to help her. A system of work was set up by which the prisoners could support themselves. Two-thirds of what they gained was given to them at once, the remainder laid aside for them against the day of their liberation. A school was begun, and the prisoners who had learnt to read taught the rest. Others were put over the wards, and said prayers out loud, morning and evening, for the rest to follow. The work went on with many a drawback and disappointment, but it made continual and solid progress; and at last the Marchesa was able to hand it over, in good condition, to some Sisters of S. Joseph, who thus brought the charity of a permanent religious body to consolidate and perpetuate the work which the devotion of a single person had begun.

Before proceeding to the other works of charity which owed their origin to the Marchesa, we must pause to give one or two anecdotes which may show her way of proceeding in the difficult beginnings of her enterprise. The women in prison, it seems, had to pay for their own washing. The Marchesa had found a poor laundress, who had been obliged to sell all her implements during an illness. She set her up afresh, and proposed to the prisoners to employ her. They agreed, but it turned out that the work was badly done. Still the Marchesa pleaded for one more trial; all consented, except one passionate old dame, who broke out into a torrent of curses. The Marchesa told her that no one could force her to an act of charity; and at the same time promised the others that she would pay for their washing that week and the next. She also declined the use of a *chauffrette*, which the recusant had been in the habit of lending her



while she was giving instruction to the prisoners. This put the old woman into a fury. "I went to her, and suffered no one to accompany me," writes the Marchesa in some notes of her own, which form one of the most valuable portions of the volume from which our details are drawn. "Her rage only increased. We were alone together in a little room, and she told me to go away, or that she would strike me. She was tall and strong, and the threat was a serious one. There was a tub full of water and a jug near me. I filled it, and said very quietly, 'My child, I have heard that cold water is an excellent remedy for the sort of attack you labour under.' She exclaimed that if I threw the water upon her, I should repent of it. I did so at once. It took her so much by surprise that she did not step back, but still went on howling. I told her to be quiet; and as she did not comply, I again threw a jug of water in her face. This time she was completely subdued, and left off screaming. I took her by the hand, and said, 'Come now, let me help you to undress and get into bed.' She let me lead her away like a little child. I sent for a basin of hot broth, and made her drink it. She became quite gentle, begged my pardon for her violence, and entreated me to let her give her washing to the poor laundress. I granted the request, but did not offer to pay for it, as I had done for the others. I made use, however, of her *cassetta* when she sent it to me; and from that time forward there was an end of those frantic fits of anger.

"Some time afterwards she went out of prison; and one day that I met her in the street, she thanked me for the means I had used to subdue her fury, and said it had worked a change in her. I blessed God for it, but at the same time remained convinced that it was not right to run the chance of exasperating a person whose reason is disturbed by passion, and who might in consequence commit a serious offence. Alone in that little room with that frantic woman, she might have dealt me a fatal blow."

A little further on we find her severe against the little pilferings which went on in the prison itself. "Through perverseness," she says, "or from habit, some of them sometimes steal from their companions. I call it perverseness, because in some cases they destroy the things they take, or hide them in the bed of another woman, to throw suspicion upon her. One day I could not clearly ascertain who was the thief; but as there were several who for similar offences deserved to be sent to Pallanza, I had them removed there, and the guilty one on this particular occasion was, I heard, included in the number. Another time I adopted an expedient by which I managed to discover the truth. As soon as the fact of the theft was esta-

blished, I assembled the prisoners, and endeavoured to impress them with a sense of the heinousness of the offence. I proposed that the culprit should reveal her fault to me, adding that otherwise I should feel myself obliged to give the usual information to the Advocate-General, in which case the criminal would be condemned, according to the laws of public justice; and that there was no alternative but to accept my proposal, and commit the result to the law of charity. They all fell at my feet, entreating me not to carry the complaint to the magistrate. I knelt down with them; we said a prayer, and then I desired them to stand all together in a room at one end of the prison. I went and walked up and down a passage that led to a chamber on the opposite side, and I made them pass one by one before me. As they did so, I addressed each in this manner: 'In the name of God, who sees and knows every thing, who punishes falsehood and forgives those who repent,—is it you that have been stealing?' The woman thus interrogated went on to join her companions, and they said together the litanies of the Blessed Virgin. At the first turn all denied the theft, but I observed that the one I suspected looked confused. I proposed to repeat the experiment; and this time she said, in a trembling voice, as she passed by me, 'I am the culprit.' I made her pass on at once, in order that no one might suspect her; and when they had all gone by, I announced that the confession had been made, and the things which had been stolen would be replaced, and the value of them paid; so that they might now dismiss the subject from their minds. As the prisoners often ask to speak with me alone, I avail myself of the opportunities to exhort those whom I know to be given to stealing. Some of them have reformed entirely. I make them restore what they have taken, and repeat some prayer as an act of penance. They are never the least afraid that I shall betray them, in consequence of these private revelations; but they are also aware that I do not forget what they have told me. It is well known in the prison that I forgive, but that, in one sense at least, I do not forget."

Her work in the prisons was but the first fruit of the active charity of the Marchesa di Barolo. Her character for benevolence brought her many applications from sufferers of different kinds; and among these many were poor girls who had been led astray from virtue, but—as is the case with a large number of that unfortunate class—almost or entirely against their own will at the beginning, and who were anxious to obtain the help of some one who would enable them to earn their own livelihood in some safe place of retirement. The Marchesa was most desirous to found some refuge for these poor women, but for a long time great difficulties stood in her way.

Her husband, a most charitable man, who entered warmly into most of her plans, was not disposed to help in this; and he was supported in his opposition by his father and mother. At length, after much prayer and delay, their consent was obtained, and a Refuge was begun in the Valdocchio,\* a suburb of Turin, said to be so named as the place of martyrdom of some of the Theban Legion, and the site of many charitable and religious institutions. The Refuge was gradually increased by fresh buildings and gardens; and out of some of its inmates a religious community of Magdalenes has been formed, such as is to be found attached to our own Convents of the Good Shepherd. Some also, who had no vocation to a strict religious life, were formed into a congregation of Oblates of St. Mary Magdalene, entering into an engagement to observe a certain rule within the Refuge from year to year, and discharging many duties of charity, especially that of waiting on the sick. The Refuge was placed under the same community of the Sisters of St. Joseph which had already undertaken the prisoners in the Casa delle Sforzate. It held two hundred penitents. The Magdalenes who live a religious life are as many as seventy. They have the charge of the education of a number of children under twelve, called Little Magdalenes, who, though so young, have already been made acquainted with sin. But prisoners, penitents, Magdalenes, Oblates, and the children we have mentioned, did not exhaust the activity of the good Marchesa. She was the first to introduce infant schools into Piedmont; and it was through her intervention that provision was made, under the authority of the king Charles Felix, for the girls of the higher classes by the foundation of a fine Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart—a religious body far too important and too useful to be tolerated by the government of Victor Emmanuel. She drew up the rules of an institute called after St. Anne, devoted to the education of girls of the middle classes, and journeyed to Rome in the last year of Gregory XVI.'s reign to procure its approval, as well as that of the order of Magdalenes, already mentioned. She obtained both after great exertions; and it seems that the favour was granted to her personal merits, as it is not usual at once to proceed so far in the case of new institutes. She organised societies of ladies to carry on charitable works; and when the cholera came to Turin in 1835, nothing could prevent her from giving her personal attendance to those afflicted by it. Cholera was in those days far more dreaded on account of infection than in our own; and in Italy, particularly, its first appearance called forth the same kind of frantic and abject fear that we read of in the histories of the Plague. Some of the outlying parishes of

\* Vallis Occisorum.

Piedmont, bordering on the neighbourhood of the Waldenses, were suffering much from the want of Catholic schools. The Marchesa came forward, supplied the funds for some girls' schools, arranged for the instruction of their teachers by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and for their making an annual retreat under the care of those religious. She introduced the Order of the *Sacramentate*—the Perpetual Adorers of the Blessed Sacrament—into Turin. Another of her works was an hospital for children in the same city, which was placed under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph. She founded also an orphanage close to her Convent of St. Anne, the girls of which are under the care of its religious. They were named after her patron Saint, *Julias*, and each received a small dowry on leaving the orphanage. Besides this, she organised a number of "homes" for girls of different trades. They live under the care of a "mother" in the "homes," and go out to work in shops of known respectability, taking their meals at home, and practising their religious duties together, as well as ordinary household work which they will have to do when married. She must have spent very large sums of money on all these undertakings. Her husband died in 1838, and left her the bulk of his property, saying that he was sure she would fulfil his intentions, and employ it for the glory of God and the good of the poor. She made herself well acquainted with the administration of the estates, which she freed from all rents, and managed skilfully.

The admirers of Silvio Pellico will read with interest the strong though touching language in which he speaks of the manner in which the Marchesa di Barolo and the institutions she had founded were treated by the so-called patriots of 1848. She was excluded from the prisons; every kind of calumny was invented against her and against those to whom she had made herself a mother; and when the nuns of the Sacred Heart were driven from the villa which her husband had made over to them, an attempt was made to deprive her of the property. No ingratitude or ill-treatment affected her sweetness and devotion, though she grieved over the triumphant mischief of the day, and over the amount of good that was prevented or ruined. She was urged to give up Piedmont and retire to France; but she had adopted the country of her husband, and she was not to be driven from it while there was yet room for working in the cause of charity in it. Her days were carefully divided; every duty had its allotted time, and a number of good deeds crowded into each. Silvio Pellico remained with her till his death in 1854—taken away in mercy from witnessing the temporary triumph of the evil influences which masked themselves under an apparent love of the country for

which he had suffered. The Marchesa di Barolo lived to see the victory of irreligion further and further advanced. "If sometimes," writes her biographer, "the indignant emotion which swelled her bosom at the sight of iniquities committed, as Madame Roland said, in the name of liberty, drew from her a harsh word or an irritable outburst against some of her former friends, who still frequented her house and enjoyed her society, despite the opposition between their opinions and her own, she would immediately repent of it, and had no peace, would not eat or sleep, till she had expressed her sorrow. 'I must be reconciled with my adversaries,' she used to say, 'before I approach the altar of my God.' Her death was, like Pellico's, in harmony with her life. Three days before she died she clearly foresaw that her end was at hand, and refused to see even her most intimate friends, in order to occupy herself exclusively with God, who was about to call her to Himself. She bade them all farewell in her heart; she had shown them the utmost tenderness and affection; but now the moment was come when she wished to be alone. She did not speak again to any one but her confessor. Friends, and poor, and children were weeping, priests and nuns praying at the entrance of her room. Her own soul was steeped in unutterable peace. She lay quietly gazing on the crucifix, while in her hand she held a little print of the Blessed Virgin, which had been sent her by the saintly curé of Cros. The last words she uttered were these: 'May the will of God be done in me and by me in time and in eternity!'"\*

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\* See the *Life of the Marchesa Giulia Fulletti di Barolo*, by Silvio Pellico, author of "Le mie Prigione." From the original, by Lady G Fullerton. London, 1866.

## Our Library Table.

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1. MADAME DE MAINTENON'S Letters.
2. WATSON'S Persia during the Present Century.
3. THE ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN Novels.
4. GILL'S Papal Drama.
5. MISS PARKES' Vignettes.

1. The French classics of the seventeenth century are gradually emerging from a state of corruption and confusion similar to that which enveloped till lately the extant writings of the ancients. The art of printing did not save popular works from errors as gross, and changes as wilful, as those of the mediæval copyists. Molière has not yet been edited as accurately as Virgil; and there are fewer variations in the text of Horace's odes than among recent editions of the plays of Corneille. But the injury which is wrought by mistakes that afterwards creep into works published by their authors themselves is insignificant when compared with the effects of interest or malice in the publication of posthumous memoirs or of private correspondence. Defects in the masterpieces of literature are seldom more than an offence against taste. But when memoirs and letters lose their genuine form, it is ruin to the most authentic evidences of historic truth.

Now the literary inheritance of the age of Louis XIV. passed to a generation whose fidelity was strongly tried, and was too frail to resist the least temptation. The work of suppression, mutilation, interpolation, was carried on from various motives of interest, and sometimes without any intelligible motive. Editors sinned by excess of scruple, by unscrupulousness, and by indifference. The letters of Madame de Sévigné were not allowed to appear until they had been disfigured by adaptations which the new ideas of propriety were supposed to require. The fragments of Pascal underwent a treatment which made their real intent and character a mystery until they were deciphered, not many years ago, with as much pains as could be spent on a palimpsest. The Letters of the Duchess of Orleans, the Diary of Dangeau, the Memoirs of Saint-Simon, long continued to be known only through collections of garbled extracts; while the Letters of Bossuet were subjected to a process which completely altered his attitude towards the Holy See, and gave to language, which was often high and urgent, an insolent and angry tone.

In these circumstances panegyric and controversy were at fault. False issues were raised, and wrong conclusions established. The biographer, and still more the historian, moved on ground so unstable that his labours were vain. No learning and no sagacity could save

him from being misled by authorities which he had no means of checking, but the arbitrary and contradictory tests of internal evidence. For some time to come, therefore, the mere drudgery of critical research, and the collation of manuscripts, will accomplish greater things in this branch of literature than all the genius of the Academy. The Duke de Noailles, with considerable talents and the best opportunities for getting knowledge, has for many years been prosecuting a work the express object of which is to redeem the reputation of Madame de Maintenon. Yet the services he has rendered to her memory are eclipsed by those of M. Lavallée, the laborious and self-denying editor of her unvarnished correspondence.\*

During a century and a half the name of Madame de Maintenon has borne a vast load of obloquy. Down to the peace of Nimeguen the reign of Louis XIV. had been constantly prosperous and not unpopular. Thenceforward it was marked by great disasters, by grievous suffering and oppression. This change of fortune and of favour coincided nearly with the moral change in the life of the king, which was brought about by the influence of Madame de Maintenon. She, therefore, was made responsible for the misgovernment of France by that army of pamphleteers that assailed Louis in the last thirty years of his life with an extreme, but not unnatural virulence; and she largely shared the blame of unjust wars and unsuccessful campaigns. The court, which she had forced to wear the aspect of a strict morality, avenged itself on her for the unwelcome and prolonged constraint. In literature a still stronger reaction followed against the decorum of the classic age, and it fell heavily on her who had been the chief agent in maintaining it. Protestants attributed to her sinister counsels the booted missionaries, the Revocation, and the detested edict against emigration. The Jansenists, who were as busy as the Protestants in the presses of Holland, accused her of abetting the persecution of their leaders and the proscription of their doctrines. And she made enemies on the opposite side. After the death of Bossuet, under a new pontificate, Fénelon had succeeded to the position and influence of his great adversary. He was the most venerated of the French prelates, the most eloquent of contemporary divines, and, unlike Bossuet, his name stood even higher in Rome than in France. Jansenism had no more able opponent, and he contributed beyond any other man to the final triumph of the Molinist theology. At the same time Fénelon was the most far-sighted and outspoken of those who pleaded the cause of liberty, and urged, before it was too late, the convocation of the States. Yet, whilst he was inspiring the Roman congregations by his letters, whilst his books were more eagerly read than those of any other Frenchman, whilst he was the oracle of the party of reform, and the expected minister who was to heal the wounds of the state, and turn back the strong tide of despotism, he continued in disgrace at

\* *Correspondance générale de Madame de Maintenon*, publiée pour la première fois sur les autographes et les manuscrits authentiques, par Théophile Lavallée. Paris, Charpentier. 4 vols. 1866.



court, and in especial disgrace with Madame de Maintenon. The dark portrait of her which has come down to us was not drawn by the friends of Fénelon. They did not set in motion the foul tongue of Elizabeth-Charlotte, or the malignant pencil of St.-Simon. But the fame of the great archbishop is to thousands the most precious and assured possession that has survived those days, and its brightness has cast a shadow over one who persistently distrusted and disliked him.

A tradition was thus established with general consent, and as the letters and memoirs of her contemporaries successively appeared, it grew more and more unfavourable. The Duke de Noailles thus describes the conventional portrait (iv. 5): "To many eyes Madame de Maintenon is a severe and melancholy person, given to intrigue, ambitious, deceitful, even hypocritical, or at least using piety as a means to her own elevation; of a dry, cold nature; ungrateful to her benefactress, whom she supplants; aiming at her high destiny from the first, compassing it by a course of deep and persevering calculation; and then, from the moment of her success, engrossing power, and ruling the king beneath the yoke of a narrow rigid piety, controlling and preaching to all about her, inspiring all the most fatal resolutions, and putting down pleasure and social life—a person, in short, whose prodigious fortunes excite as much antipathy as admiration."

In his well-known history of France M. Lavallée accepted this popular idea of Madame de Maintenon. He was afterwards led to study her life with greater care in preparing a history of Saint-Cyr, which she founded, which became her favourite retreat, and is now a military school, where M. Lavallée has been a professor. His researches caused him to alter and to retract several opinions of his former work. The novel and unexpected view that opened before him induced him to undertake a complete edition of her correspondence. The result is, that he has been compelled further to modify even the comparatively favourable judgments of the history of Saint-Cyr; and that he has discovered many things to be untrue which the enthusiastic biographer of Madame de Maintenon had found himself unable to refute. This is due in part to new materials, but still more to the establishment of a decisive distinction between the genuine and the spurious letters in the previous collection.

Madame de Maintenon destroyed many of her letters, and the whole of her correspondence with the king. She had always borne with patient fortitude the insults of those who were her husband's enemies. It is probable that this endurance was not a fruit of humility. Spiritual men, who had closely and impartially observed her life, affirmed that, although her spirit was too lofty to be moved by the common voice of fame, yet she was not indifferent to the praises of those whom she esteemed and among whom she lived. Even this sacrifice, so hard to make amid the grandeur of Versailles, became easy in the retirement of her latter years; and she appears before her death to have overcome the most subtle illusion of self-love. She took no care to protect her memory from the effect of the obscurity

and of the misrepresentation which had fallen on so many portions of her career.

The ladies of Saint-Cyr preserved with religious care many volumes containing her autograph letters and others which had been copied; and a part of the collection was shown to the younger Racine. Racine prepared a volume for the press, but ended by handing over his materials to La Beaumelle, a Genevese Protestant and professor at Copenhagen. Two small volumes appeared in 1752. Afterwards La Beaumelle obtained further papers from Saint-Cyr; and in 1755 he published a larger collection, which was until the last few months the principal source of information from which all who have written on Madame de Maintenon, including the Duke de Noailles himself, have taken their description of her character.

The publication of La Beaumelle was accepted as genuine. Voltaire, who had a deadly feud with him, would have been delighted if he had seen his way to make him out to be a forger. But, in spite of some blunders in the dates, he declared the proof of authenticity to be overwhelming, and regretted that he had not known the letters in time to add some darker touches to the character of Madame de Maintenon in the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* As to their editor, Voltaire was content to believe that he had stolen them.

The letters published by La Beaumelle contain all those sharp hard sayings on which the view of Madame de Maintenon's detractors has hitherto so firmly rested. In a letter of 1680, shortly after the dismissal of Madame de Montespan, and in the lifetime of the queen, occurs that shameful passage which has given colour to the insinuation that she was the rival of both: "Je le renvoie toujours affligé et jamais désespéré." In 1696, when Noailles was made Archbishop of Paris, she writes like a warm partisan of the Jansenists: "Les Jésuites ne lui pardonneront pas de s'être élevé au siège de Paris sans leur participation; s'ils se fâchent, je prierai le pape de le faire cardinal." The king's confessor is censured in antithetical phrase: "Le père de la Chaise est un honnête homme; mais l'air de la cour gâte la vertu la plus pure, et adoucit la plus sévère." Of Bossuet the same letter says: "Il a beaucoup d'esprit, mais il n'a pas celui de la cour." Sneers of this kind occur frequently. One has been quoted again and again: "Je le crois (Louvois) là-dessus plus volontiers que M. Colbert, qui ne pense qu'à ses finances, et presque jamais à la religion."

Many passages afford ground for the belief that Madame de Maintenon encouraged the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. As early as October 1679 she is in the secret of the intended measure: "Il pense sérieusement à la conversion des hérétiques, et dans peu on y travaillera tout de bon." And on the 24th of August 1681: "Le roi commence à penser sérieusement à son salut et à celui de ses sujets; si Dieu nous le conserve, il n'y aura plus qu'une religion dans son royaume." The date of this letter is significant, for it represents the persecution of the Huguenots as an immediate and natural consequence of the king's conversion from his scandalous ways. Sometimes it would appear that the writer shared with La

Chaise the credit of the Revocation: "On est fort content du père de la Chaise; il inspire au roi de grandes choses. Bientôt tous ses sujets serviront Dieu en esprit et en vérité." She cannot even assure her Protestant brother of the king's good opinion without a gibe at his religion (16th July 1684): "Il vous estime autant qu'il peut estimer un hérétique." This apparent zeal is mixed with levity, and content with external conformity. Pellisson managed the funds for the relief of voluntary converts. The gratification caused by the efficacy of this inducement finds expression in these words: "On n'aurait jamais osé espérer que toutes ces conversions fussent si aisées. M. Pellisson fait des prodiges; M. Bossuet est plus savant, mais lui, il est persuasif." In October 1685 there is a distinct declaration that sincerity is not required in a convert, and that compulsory submission possesses real value: "Je crois bien, avec vous, que toutes ces conversions ne sont pas également sincères; mais Dieu se sert de toutes voies pour ramener à lui les hérétiques. Leurs enfants seront du moins Catholiques, si les pères sont hypocrites; leur réunion extérieure les approche du moins de la vérité; ils en ont les signes de commun avec les fidèles."

Here, it must be admitted, are the signs of ambition and dishonourable artifice—of a cold heart, a narrow understanding, and an odious species of religious zeal. The defenders of Madame de Maintenon have been painfully embarrassed by the testimony she thus bears against herself, and have been driven to awkward shifts in order to soften or to explain it away. Now every one of the passages just quoted was invented by La Beaumelle. One only is taken from a genuine letter, and is founded on words which Madame de Maintenon actually wrote. The manner in which they were altered for the press exhibits the nature and purpose of La Beaumelle's manipulations. In the letter of July 16, 1684, the words really written stood thus: "Il vous estime autant que vous pouvez le désirer."

Suspicion has long been awakened by the collection of La Beaumelle. There were some glaring inconsistencies, and it was found that several letters were omitted in later editions. Recent critics, especially Walckenaer and Monmerqué, believed that a part was fabricated by the editor. It is strange that the truth should never have been established by the examination of the original manuscripts until M. Lavallée undertook the task. Racine could not be deceived. He at once detected the fraud, and covered his own copy with notes, marking those letters which were spurious, those which were genuine, and those which were corrupt. But he forgot that he had contracted an obligation towards the guardians of the letters, who had shown them to him for no purpose but to serve the memory of the writer. He concealed his discovery, and spared the friend who had betrayed his confidence, and whom he never saw again. His annotated copy has been found, and his notes tested, by M. Lavallée.

The genuine letters are at variance with the common opinion respecting Madame de Maintenon, and with the impression which was made by the authorities for her history which were known in

the time of La Beaumelle. He found nothing that confirmed the accusations which were constantly repeated by the writers of his party. There was the additional disappointment that the letters are written in a plain prosaic style, and are not often very interesting. La Beaumelle set himself to remedy this deficiency. He introduced what was necessary to save the favourite scandals of popular tradition, and he added many letters and fragments of letters for no other purpose than to give point and freshness to the whole. The consequence has been that the insertions, although small in proportion to the bulk of the genuine matter, comprise most of the highly-coloured and characteristic traits that catch the eye and are remembered; and ten quotations are made from La Beaumelle for one from the real Madame de Maintenon.

Very many of the forgeries were prompted by the desire to implicate her in the affair of the Revocation of the edict of Nantes. There is nothing to which the fabricated letters more frequently refer. There is no point on which the genuine letters more completely contradict them. In particular she was indignant at the conversions by violence, and at the simulated catholicity of secret Huguenots. "*Je suis indignée contre de pareilles conversions: l'état de ceux qui abjurent sans être véritablement catholiques est infâme.*" So earnest and persistent was her opposition to the policy of the government, that the suspicion of Louis was aroused, and displayed itself in reproaches. "Madame," he said, "I fear the clemency you would have us practise towards the Huguenots springs from some lingering attachment for your old religion." There is not the slightest evidence in any genuine document that Madame de Maintenon approved of the Revocation.

The circumstances that led to the adoption of that measure were peculiar. It was the crisis of the protracted controversy of the Gallican liberties, touching the degree in which the Church of France might claim to be independent of the Holy See, and the degree in which it must admit its subjection to the lay power. Not the least strange among the symptoms of the time was, that the Jansenists had become, on this occasion, strenuous adherents of the papal cause. The contest was obstinate and bitter; and the French government conceived that they could recover their Catholic repute, and neutralise the moral effect of the denunciations of Innocent XI., by an act which would demonstrate unmistakably their zeal for the orthodox faith. The extirpation of Calvinism in France was resolved on as a manoeuvre against Rome.

For some years secular means had been employed for the purpose of inducing Protestants to return to the Church. In many instances threats and promises judiciously applied proved sufficient; in others it was found necessary to use actual rigour, or to pay heavy bribes. These operations were attended with such success that a certain number even of the ministers had abjured; and the king was persuaded that the rest would ultimately be brought to follow their example. It seemed to be proved that Protestantism was nothing but a remnant of the times of civil conflicts, and had laid

no firm hold on the religious convictions of the people. Nobody believed that a doctrine which many were ready to abandon at the first pressing summons was really so loved and so trusted by the masses of its followers, that, rather than renounce it, they would accept exile, ruin, and death. The government and its agents were carried further, step by step, from bribery to intimidation, from administrative oppression to the extremity of cruelty, until they became involved in a struggle of an unexpected nature, which would not have been approved if it had been foreseen from the first. These severities estranged the Pope still further. He knew that they were designed to serve a policy of opposition against himself; and there was apparent defiance in the inception of a vast scheme for reconciling heretics at a moment when the intercourse between France and Rome had been broken off. Therefore Innocent XI. condemned both the time and the mode of the act. It was a strange zeal, he said, that smote at once the teachers of heresy and the head of the Church; and Christ did not send forth His apostles with arms in their hands.

Madame de Maintenon shared this feeling. She was not carried along by the tone that prevailed at court, or by the ruthless eagerness of Louis. Believing that the act of Revocation could not be repealed, she sought to mitigate its worst effects: "*Surtout ne les point forcer à commettre des sacrilèges en s'approchant des sacrements sans foi et sans dispositions. . . . Fermer les yeux sur ceux qui ne vont point à la messe, sur ceux qui n'approchent point des sacrements, sur la manière dont ils meurent, et sur tout ce qu'on peut s'empêcher de voir.*" The deep sense which is here expressed of the abomination of an official premium on hypocrisy accompanies her even to the point where she seems to have yielded to the strong current around her. She would have no conscience forced; but she wished that means should be devised by which the children of Protestants might be rescued from the early contact of heresy.

The new collection of letters leaves little to desire in the completeness of the character it reveals. Madame de Maintenon appears, not indeed in the unbroken light of colourless perfection, but assuredly more free from graver faults than any of her sex who have occupied so exalted a position. Conscious of a worthy purpose, and of rare gifts and success in the pursuit of it, she indulged in that soothing species of pride to which even a scrupulous conscience is least sensitive. Her subdued spirits almost exulted, at times, in the security and the constancy of her calm virtues. Always cautious and observant, she was often reserved, suspicious, and exacting. Her tranquil, disciplined nature was exempt from impulse and passion, but it was destitute of warmth and the power of sympathy. "*Quand vous êtes sèche,*" wrote Fénelon, "*votre sécheresse va assez loin.*" Neither her capacity nor her influence in public affairs was considerable. The Duke de Noailles judges that in politics she possessed neither lofty views nor a wide horizon. The limits of her influence may be gathered from one

example. She strove incessantly to induce Louis XIV. to change his confessor. Though his authority in what was called the Council of Conscience ultimately waned, she never succeeded in expelling him from his office; and in the year 1698 she utters the highly characteristic exclamation: "What will become of the king, if I die before the Père de la Chaise!"

2. Most Englishmen know as much about Persia as is gained from their reminiscences of Hajji Baba. Every now and then, it is true, we hear of a Persian war; and if we ourselves are not engaged in fighting the Shah on some one of the many uninteresting points of possible dispute which may be raised between his government and our own Indian empire, we are occasionally excited in a languid manner about the progress of Russian aggression or Russian influence in the East, with especial reference to Persia; and we remind ourselves that it was by the conquest of the latter country that Alexander opened for himself a road to the Indus. Not one in a thousand among us could give an intelligible account of the causes of quarrel which produced our last expedition to the Persian Gulf, or the terms on which the dispute was settled, so opportunely for us, in time for our forces to return before the great Sepoy mutiny had been able fairly to overrun India. Yet the conclusion of peace at that moment was unexpected; and if peace had not then been made, we should have been deprived, at the time of our sorest need, of the services of Outram, Havelock, Lugard, Jacob, and others, as well as of the regiments under their command. For a time, at all events, the mutineers might have been triumphant; and though there was a clear and distinct aggression on the part of Persia to justify the war on the part of our Indian Government, we might have had to regret the necessity we had imposed on ourselves of fighting the Shah because he attacked Herat, which, after all our victories, was left only nominally independent of him.

On the occasion to which we refer, Persia had been solicited by Russia to join her in the war against Turkey, though the latter was supported by France and England. Perhaps with a good natural instinct as to the particular Power from which he had himself the most to fear, the Persian sovereign had been inclined rather to join Turkey and her allies against Russia, in the hope, moreover, of regaining, on the conclusion of peace, some of her own former provinces which she has from time to time ceded to the Czar. But it appears that the Western Powers did not wish to encumber themselves with the difficult task of settling matters between Russia and Persia. The whole story shows how easily a semi-barbarous government like that of the Shah may give us great trouble by taking advantage of a moment of our supposed weakness to violate treaties, as well as the different points of contact at which the interests or policies of the great European Powers may clash with one another in the far East. Bordering on the Turkish empire, on the trans-Caucasian possessions of Russia, and on the minor states which fringe the north-western frontier of India, Persia may some day

acquire an exceptional importance in connection with events on which the fortunes of states far greater than herself may turn. It is not, therefore, surprising that we should require accurate information regarding a country whose geographical position makes it so interesting.

The volume before us\* aims at being a supplement, complete up to the present date, to Sir John Malcolm's well-known history of Persia. Mr. Grant Watson has had considerable personal experience in Persia, and has spared no pains to fit himself for the task which he has undertaken. A part of the history of the present dynasty had been already told by Sir John Malcolm; but Mr. Watson has wisely judged that its foundation, and the events which led to it, might well be related over again, for the sake of greater clearness and completeness. The first Kajar Shah, Aga Mahomed Khan, died in 1797; Fetteh Ali Shah reigned till 1834; Mahomed Shah till 1848, when the present occupant of the Persian throne succeeded him. The stories of the different claimants for the supreme power, the various insurrections and intrigues by which the peace of the country has been disturbed, are not very interesting, and not a little confusing; nor can it be fairly said that Persia has made, or is making, any very rapid strides in the path of improvement and civilisation. Perhaps the most attractive portions of the volume are the accounts of the campaigns in which Russia has gradually thrust herself forward from the other side of the Caucasus towards the sunny East, which she is supposed so relentlessly to covet. The chief personages of the history are here and there interesting; but, on the whole, it must be confessed that Persia looks much duller and much less romantic in its sober history than in poetry or romance. We are not, therefore, able to promise any very great excitement to the readers of Mr. Grant Watson's volume; but we attribute this result less to any defect on his part than to the materials with which it has been his lot to deal.

3. Every traveller in France knows the peculiar character of the German-French population of Alsace, the Vosges, and Lorraine, so widely different from that of the Normans or Bretons, or, again, of the inhabitants of the south-west of the country, or of the ancient Provence. The Alsatians are said, we believe, to belong to the more republican and the more Protestant parts of the French nation, while at the same time they furnish some of the best and most devoted soldiers to the imperial armies; and they have a picturesque quaint good sense about them, and other qualities which seem perhaps more novel than they are on account of the half-foreign air which hangs about them from the blending of the two nationalities in them without the extinction of either. Thus they have the sort of charm which attracts us in a person who speaks one language perfectly, while still he often thinks in another. This part of France

\* *A History of Persia*, from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century to the Year 1858, with a review of the principal events that led to the establishment of the Kajar Dynasty. By Robert Grant Watson, formerly attached to her Majesty's Legation at the Court of Persia. London, 1866.



has perhaps, at the present day, a greater share of recent military traditions than any other. It was the scene of many a struggle in the early revolutionary wars; it often saw Napoleon's armies pass through towards Germany,—and at last towards Russia, never to return, except as miserable wrecks; and when invasion at last became the lot of France itself after the battle of Leipsic, it witnessed the passage of the allied forces, pressing on the retiring steps of the emperor towards Paris. It is, therefore, as full of the memories of those eventful days as some parts of Scotland of the traditions of "the '45:" more so, indeed; for Charles Edward's attempt was over in a few months, while the part of France of which we speak had but too long and too continued an acquaintance with the passage and the presence of armies.

The very remarkable set of novels\* lately issued under the name of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian—the duality of the authorship seems to be acknowledged on all hands—embody a great number of the reminiscences of which we have spoken, and have in its perfection that charm of local colouring and character which was used so effectively by Sir Walter Scott in *Waverley* and other works. They seize the mind in the same way as a genuine Welsh air or Scotch ballad, after we have become accustomed to the imitations of imitations which make up the staple of the more ordinary music of the day. But their freshness is not their only attractive quality. The local tones are most skilfully subdued, so as to be prominent enough to affect the general character of the work, without interfering with its general purpose and more universal interest. The authors do not indeed preach at us; but there is a good and wholesome lesson to be drawn from their works, which no doubt it was in their intention to suggest, and which, in these days of colossal armies and momentous battles, it is some pleasure to think may be perceived by thousands of readers. This lesson, indeed, is but what would be left as a natural and well-founded conclusion on the mind and heart of a population such as that which has given birth to these novels. We have been lately told that our neighbours in France are becoming more and more attached to peace. It may be questioned whether the mass of any great civilised nation can be fond of war for its own sake, or for the mere sake of the glory which success engenders; but, at all events, it may be hoped that the children and grandchildren of those who perished in the last great series of Continental wars may feel a strong reluctance to any thing that might bring on a repetition of the same calamities; and that as the free expression of public opinion becomes more unchecked, and its power over the action of governments more acknowledged, this feeling may really operate with effect for the maintenance of tranquillity.

The four works before us—not the only productions of the same

\* 1. *Madame Thérèse*, par Erckmann-Chatrian, 7ème édition. Paris, Wetzell et Lacroix. 2. *Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813*, par Erckmann-Chatrian, 9ème édition. Paris, ib. 3. *L'Invasion, ou le Fou Yegof*, par Erckmann-Chatrian, 6ème édition. Paris, ib. 4. *Waterloo, suite du Conscrit de 1813*, par Erckmann-Chatrian, 9ème édition. Paris, ib.

kind by the same authors—may be classed together as forming, in some sort, a series, the main interest of which is drawn from incidents connected with the wars either of the early republic of France or of Napoleon; in their influence on the homely, high-spirited, and manly population of the country, with which the authors show their familiarity at every page. The local painting is very minute and elaborate. The scene of the first in point of time, *Madame Thérèse*, is laid just outside the present frontiers of France, in that duchy of "Deux Points," a little north of Strasbourg, which is, as we write, to be found allotted to Bavaria in the maps of Europe, though it may be Prussian, or even French, before these sheets meet the public eye. The incidents are very simple. A battalion of the republican army advances in November 1793 into the little village of Anstalt, in the German Vosges, and is there surprised by a large body of Austrians; a bloody engagement follows, and the French retire, leaving a number of dead and wounded in the streets. Among the latter is their *cantinière*—*Madame Thérèse*. She is taken to his house by a good Doctor Jacob, who saves her life by careful nursing. It turns out that she is the daughter of a schoolmaster in the heart of France, whose father and elder brothers had enlisted themselves in the armies raised to defend the country from invasion, and lost their lives in the war, leaving her with one little brother to take care of, who appears as a drummer by her side. Thérèse is beautifully painted; and though she is no doubt very far above the level of women of her class, yet she is by no means an impossible character, when we consider to what an extent a great convulsion like the French Revolution throws people of all sorts out of their natural position, and how sincere the enthusiasm must have been among the simpler classes of the community for the great ideas which were so foully abused by those who talked the most loudly about them. Thérèse, though brave, daring, and enthusiastic, is yet quite womanly throughout in her modesty and natural piety. Her presence in the doctor's home gives occasion to a good deal of talk in the village, and we have some very well-described discussions of the principles of the revolution, of which she is the representative. When she is convalescent, the Prussians send to demand her as a prisoner; and the doctor, who has fallen in love with her, tries in vain to persuade her to escape. At last it is agreed that he shall take her to the Prussian posts, at Kaiserlautern; instead of which he leads her to the republican army, where he is at once employed as a military surgeon. The tale ends with the retirement of the Prussians, and the doctor and Madame Thérèse are happily married. This outline of the story gives but little idea of the charm of the book; for almost every character in it is a careful study; and even the minutest incidents—the amusements and exploits of the little Fritz, the doctor's nephew, who is the narrator—are very prettily told. Perhaps republican sympathies and doctrines are somewhat too hotly put forward; but it must be remembered that this may be considered as a part of the faithfulness with which the feelings of the supposed characters had to be reflected.

Next in order of time to *Madame Thérèse* comes the *Conscrit de 1813*. This again is a very simple story: a watchmaker's apprentice at Phalsbourg is enrolled, much against his own wishes, in the conscription, and fails to obtain exemption on account of lameness. He has to leave his trade and his betrothed, and go off to the German war: he is wounded at Lutzen, fights at Leipsic, and after many dangers and escapes, gets home at last upon the ruin of Napoleon. *Le Fou Yegof* is a story of the invasion of the same date: the scene is again laid in the Vosges, and the interest turns on the defence of some mountain passes by volunteers and smugglers against the Austrians and Prussians. *Waterloo* is the sequel of the *Conscrit*: we have a picture of the gradual alienation of the people from the newly restored Bourbons, the joy with which the return from Elba was hailed, and the closing catastrophe of Waterloo. The *Conscrit* and *Waterloo* seem to have been the most popular of this series of novels: it is in them, also—or rather, to be quite correct, in the events which they record—that we find the most pointed commentary on the use which has sometimes been made of the conscription—an institution which seems to have established itself throughout Europe, with the single exceptions, as far as we know, of the dominions of the Pope and the Queen of England, though it is said that the Piedmontese have been afraid to attempt to carry it out in the island of Sicily.

The system by which the large armies, which it has now become necessary for every European State to maintain as a matter of course, are recruited by means of the conscription, may have something to recommend it in theory, and in practice it may, in ordinary times, bear without enormous hardship upon any particular class of the population. If it is a necessity, it is at least a sad one, that so large a proportion of the men throughout Europe should have to spend some of the best years of their life in military service. But it at all events brings home a keen sense of the evils of war to every hamlet and cottage; and thus it may be supposed, as we have said, that in proportion as public opinion and universal feeling gain more and more power over the movements and the policy of national governments, there may be less chance that the passion for glory or empire, or for other even less noble objects, should plunge a great country into a ruinous and murderous conflict with another, without due reckoning being made of the cost that must be paid for the indulgence of ambition or resentment. Then again, it may be a great advantage when a nation is called on to defend its independence, that a large number of its population should have had some experience of warfare, and know how to handle a weapon without requiring fresh instruction. There may also be other incidental features in the system which may be pleaded in its defence, besides its necessity. But it must be acknowledged that the power it places in the hands of an absolute government of raising army after army to an extent which could never be thought of in a country like our own, and draining the resources of generations not yet arrived at maturity for present needs, may make it at times a terrible scourge. As such, no doubt,

it must have been felt at the close of Napoleon's Empire; when the Russian expedition and the murderous campaign of Leipsic, ending in that brilliant but unsuccessful defence of France against invasion which was his last great display of military genius, used up every available man and lad in the country to such an extent, that the progress of the population was for many years seriously checked. In his last conscription, the Emperor anticipated the year, and called conscripts of the age of eighteen: for some years before, they had been called at nineteen. These times are still not "sixty years since;" and there are many old survivors of those campaigns, many who fought in them, and many who suffered the most terrible losses in them though they did not fight, who could tell sad tales of what France had to endure at that date. No doubt the invasions and humiliations to which she had to submit, after having carried her victorious eagles into every Continental capital, have left behind a good deal of national animosity and desire of revenge; but it is also a welcome thought that, with all the appetite of her people for military glory,—of which they have certainly had their fill,—the natural and legitimate effect of so much sorrow has been to strengthen the dislike to ambitious aggrandisement and to increase the love of peace.

The novels of which we are now speaking may have strengthened this feeling for peace; but they contain no declamation, no rhetorical pleading, no unfair exaggeration. In this respect they contrast very favourably with the anti-slavery novels of which we have heard so much. Indeed, it would be in some sense an injustice to their perfect artistic moderation to say that they are written against any thing. Whatever conclusion the reader comes to, whatever deep feeling may be left on his mind by the narrative, are but the natural effects of that narrative itself, which is in entire accordance with the state of historical facts which it professes to represent. The *Conscrit* himself, who relates his own adventures, at the very time that he paints so naturally and pathetically his misery at leaving his home, his trade, his betrothed, and the hardships which he had to suffer in the Leipsic campaign, is still spellbound by the presence and even by the name of Napoleon, and cries *Vive l'Empereur* with thorough good will upon the return from Elba. This is one of the great charms of these novels. It is very difficult to believe that they have not been inspired by the recollections or traditions of men who figured in the very scenes which they describe, as they certainly represent to the very life—as far as we are able to judge—the feelings of men in the position of their supposed author. We cannot imagine some of Mrs. Stowe's negroes talking or even feeling as she makes them feel and talk, though she has, or had, a system before her eyes from which she could paint. On the other hand, we can but rarely detect the hand of the *littérateur* or novelist in the words and feelings of Joseph Bertha and his comrades; except, indeed, when we look at the books as wholes, and consider the great amount of beautiful writing which they contain. One chief merit runs throughout the whole. The writer or writers give us, indeed, a

good deal of information as to the progress of the campaign and the movements of armies, such as, perhaps, a common soldier might hardly have possessed; but the account throughout is that of the individual soldier or conscript,—his adventures, his hardships, his opinions and reflections and feelings form the staple from beginning to end. And war is a very different thing when looked at from a distance, or as it forms part of the policy of a sovereign or a minister, or again, of the well-conceived plan of a general, and when it is considered in what it imposes on the human units of which its battalions are composed, and with whose lives it plays,—the peasants brought from their homes in two distant countries to shoot or stab one another without the slightest reason, as far as they are concerned, except that if A does not kill B, B will kill A. There is an air of wonderful truthfulness in the picture of Joseph Bertha,—his fears about the conscription, his desperate courage when he finds himself face to face with the enemy at Lutzen and Leipsic, the conflict that passes within him between good Christian feeling, national pride, and the savage recklessness which comes over ordinary men in the midst of the hardships, the dangers, the brutalities of soldier-life in a bloody campaign. The other chief characters in the tales, sketched with the hand of a master, seem designed to represent the different elements of opinion and feeling which were naturally to be looked for in the French nation of those days. M. Goulden, the good-hearted but not very religious old Republican, adverse to the Emperor on account of his own attachment to liberal ideas, more adverse to the Bourbons on account of their retrograde and reactionary tendencies, and with so much love for military glory as to be ready to forgive Napoleon a good deal for the sake of the *éclat* of his victories, is a perfect sketch. Doctor Jacob, in the first of the series, is an admirable character.

There is too much in more than one of the volumes, but particularly in *Waterloo*, of that strong "anti-clerical" spirit which, we are sorry to say, still exists in so many departments of what would otherwise be the best literature of France, to show the baneful influence still exercised by the writings of Voltaire. It may be true that when the Bourbons came back to France they showed that "they had learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing," and that some people may have gone too far in identifying the interests of religion with those of the legitimate dynasty. But the spirit with which this possible exaggeration is attacked in the volumes before us seems to us to spoil them to some extent, even as works of art, as exhibiting palpable exaggeration and prejudice. And on far higher grounds, also, it is a mistake to have written in such a tone. The authors before us sincerely desire peace, and deprecate the indulgence of political or military ambition at the expense of the best interests of the population. They are attacking their own allies, and sowing the seeds of that internal disorder which so often leads to reckless aggression abroad, by carping at those whose mission it is to make men peaceful, contented, and unambitious, good neighbours, and good subjects and good citizens, and to secure them from dis-

turbance and misery here by training them as the citizens of a nobler country.

4. Mr. GILL deserves much credit for having attempted to do what it is not his fault that he has not succeeded in doing—to give within the compass of a single volume, not exactly a history of the Papacy, but such an essay on its history as shall give a clear and comprehensive account of its foundation, rise, and fortunes in the world. Any writer who would do this, even with the cold precision which has characterised some of the modern school of historical critics, and who would let the main facts speak for themselves in sufficient fulness of detail, would render a service, not only to the general student, but to the Church itself, whose history he would thus summarily relate. Mr. Gill will hardly expect us to go any further in commendation of his *Papal Drama*.<sup>\*</sup> He has an intense hatred of the Catholic Church—as he would say, of the Papacy, “which has remained throughout the supreme corrupter of Christianity;” and he does not disguise the feelings under which his book has been written. He lays “no claim to the impartiality of religious indifference.” Certainly his state of mind cannot be envied, in the face of the indisputable fact, that whatever he may say about the “degradation,” the “decline,” the “decrepitude,” and the “agony” of the Papacy—such are the attractive titles of successive chapters in his work—the object of his scorn and hatred is still pre-dominantly and supremely influential over the Christian world. It must be a difficulty for such students of history as Mr. Gill to believe in the promises of our Lord to His Church. Mr. Gill thinks that the Papacy is as bad as Mohammedanism. What has become, then, of the Church of Christ for all these centuries? However, we may safely leave Mr. Gill to answer questions such as these to his own satisfaction. He seems to rejoice intensely in the Protestantism of England: some of the anti-Papal doggerel of Watts seems to lift his heart to celestial joys. What are we to think of a writer who calls a verse like this a “noble strain,” and makes it the motto of a chapter?—

“The cup of wrath is ready mixt,  
And she must drink the dregs;  
Strong is the Lord, her Sovereign Judge,  
And will fulfil the plagues.”

We must, however, do Mr. Gill the justice to say that he is not a mere ranter. His book shows a good deal of research, and even some learning; but it is vitiated throughout by a false theology and the prejudices of an entirely anti-Catholic mind. Mr. Gill seems to be a staunch Calvinist. “Cornelius Jansen,” he tells us, “Bishop of Ypres, put forth convictions on grace and sin like those to which St. Paul gave utterance, which Augustine cherished and commended, and upon which Calvin laid so firm a grasp and bestowed so elaborate a setting forth” (p. 310). His theology on other points may

<sup>\*</sup> *The Papal Drama: a Historical Essay*, by T. H. Gill. London, 1866.



be tested by the account he gives of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady,—“her freedom from all human spot and stain, and *her consequent participation in the divine nature.*” Mr. Gill is unfortunate in his expressions, which have nothing to do, certainly, with the Immaculate Conception, but come very near to an implied denial of the truth of certain words of St. Peter about our *all* “being made partakers of the divine nature.” “Bernard,” he adds, “earnestly impugned *her divinity.*” It is a pity Mr. Gill didn’t live in the Middle Ages; his book might then be of some service to Dr. Pusey. It shows considerable acquaintance with modern history—an acquaintance, however, rendered almost worse than useless by the distorted prejudice of the author. He is, we think, the first writer calling himself an historian who has implied his belief in the deliberately-invented but fully-exploded lie of what is called “the massacre of Perugia.”

5. Under the name of *Vignettes*,\* Miss B. R. Parkes has given us twelve short sketches of women, remarkable in various ways for their social influence, their devotion to good works, or simple domestic excellence. Madame Swetchine heads her list, and is succeeded by Sœur Rosalie: Madame Pape-Carpantier, the active promoter of the *Salles d'Asile* in France; Madame Luce, who founded the schools for Mussulman girls in Algiers, where they are taught the usual industrial arts of women, without, however, any interference with their religion; and Madame de Lamartine, compose the remainder of the French contingent. The rest of the volume deals with English or American characters: Mrs. Winthrop, Miss Knight, Mrs. Delaney, Miss Hunt, Miss Bosanquet (wife of Fletcher of Madeley), and Mrs. Jameson; and with one Italian, Madame Mojon. The French sketches are the most interesting; though that of Madame de Lamartine is somewhat meagre, and gives us a glimpse of a character of which we would gladly know more. It appears that a great number of her letters are in existence; it is to be hoped that we may some day see them in print. Some of the English sketches are almost too slight for republication; but Miss Parkes has been able to throw a good deal into a few lines, and hit off a character without giving us many details. We could, however, have borne with a much longer account of Mrs. Jameson, and a much shorter one of Bianca Milesi Mojon.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has written an essay on “The Influence of French Thought upon England,” to which some one might add an amusing supplement in the shape of remarks on the influence of French phrases on English writers. We are continually meeting with sentences in our current literature in which the ordinary laws and regulations of Her Majesty’s English are disregarded in favour of Parisian fashions of speech. The little book before us contains several instances of the innovation of which we complain; though it is due to Miss Parkes to say that she is not at all a constant or an

\* *Vignettes*: Twelve Biographical Sketches. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. London, 1866.



incorrigible offender; and that if we take examples of what we mean from her writings, it is partly an accident, partly because her character is so thoroughly established as a distinguished authoress that an occasional negligence on her part may do more serious mischief to others who may follow the example than to herself. Let us give a few instances. In her third page she tells us "the history of Sophie's (Madame Swetchine's) paternal grandfather *bears a lively witness of Russian high life*." Some pages further on (p. 38) we are told "her *individual* toilette was simple and invariable." Again, as to Sœur Rosalie: "all the neighbourhood . . . considered that it had been *individually* decorated in her person" (p. 104). Again, speaking of the old habit of the French noblesse to spend a part of the year in their county towns: "it was far from being a mere external *individuality* of residence or of local duties" (p. 188). Here is the same word, with its derivatives, used in various ways, which are certainly none of them English. If Miss Parkes will look at any good English dictionary, we venture to say that she will see that "individual" is not the same as "own," which is her meaning in the first case; that the "individual" decoration of a neighbourhood—if such a phrase could be allowed—would mean the decoration of that neighbourhood as distinct from any other, which is not what she wishes to signify in the second case; and that "individuality" does not mean the same as "peculiarity" or "fashion," which we suppose is what she means in the third. Again, she tells us at the end of her notice of Sœur Rosalie—drawn, as it appears, from the beautiful memoir by M. de Melun—"every day she began exactly as she had begun the last; nor was it possible to pick out one more *emphatic* than another. But the heart, and soul, and intellect, which she threw into her very ordinary work, raised it to the proportions of *saintly accomplishment*" (p. 120). What is the meaning of an *emphatic* day? Again, as to Madame Swetchine, we are told: "no sooner is she dead, than two thick volumes, published on the other side of the Channel, run at once through three editions, and attest, by a *wail of lamentation*, that a soul especially dear to and revered by her fellow-beings has been summoned from their midst" (p. 39). We understand what Miss Parkes means, but her language makes us smile. In the passages which are professedly translations we are not surprised at this kind of English. Madame Luce tells us of her Algerine girls: "they no longer have withered little faces, hollowed by want and embruted by trouble, but joyous countenances, full of life and animation, getting healthier every day in the most striking manner, and becoming, because they are happy and comfortable, hardly recognisable by their own relations" (p. 203). We could multiply our quotations almost indefinitely; but we have said enough to exemplify a style of writing which can easily be avoided at the cost of a little trouble, at least by those authors who do not live so entirely in a foreign atmosphere as to have lost the use of their native language.

## The Windeck Family.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### NIGHT.

HYACINTH left Judith's apartments, as he had come to them, down the little staircase leading to a side-door which opened into a back street. On the lowest step a *facchino* lay asleep. Hyacinth passed him carefully, so as not to disturb him, and hastened to Corona.

The whole family were with her. Count Damian greeted him with tears in his eyes.

"Ah, Hyacinth! sad—sad news! Uncle Levin has gone to rejoin Regina. There is a telegram from Father Prior. He broke a blood-vessel, and in a few hours all was over."

"God rest his soul, dear saintly old man!" Hyacinth said, and then burst into tears.

"I feel as if some great misfortune must come to Windeck, now that he is no longer watching over it," Count Damian went on. "I must go home, children. Something—perhaps these two claps of thunder in a clear sky, his death and hers—seems to drive me away from here. He was a very part of myself. He has gone through every stage of my life with me, more faithfully and affectionately than any father. He was like a part of Windeck too. It is only a ruin without him."

No one spoke a word of comfort. Uriel was overwhelmed with sorrow at having left uncle Levin's side; Corona wept for her kind and gentle counsellor and friend; and Orest was in a state of gloomy depression. Nothing but death! And yet he acted as if this ever-changing world of shadows were to last for ever.

But the startling contrast did not bring him to his senses. He only thought, "What madness to lose even an hour—even a moment—of happiness, when life is so short, and death so near!"

So too Judith thought, but with a different meaning.

Corona tried to induce her father to delay his return, as she would not be able to accompany him till the weather was milder; and he would find it very lonely and sad at Schloss Windeck with no one but aunt Isabella.

"Dear uncle Levin was the soul of the house," she said: "it was never desolate when he was there; but it will not be like home now, dearest father."

"Ay, ay, child, I know; but griefs such as these are best borne in one's own house. Old scenes and habits and occupations are a sort of help. A foreign land is not the place for a heavy heart.

Ah, my Regina! my glorious girl! how often I have pained her! how little I prized the treasure we all had in her!"

"It was all done out of love, father dear;" and Corona kissed his hand tenderly.

"Love of self, my child," said the poor count with touching sincerity.

He went to his room. Uriel had an engagement which he had to keep. Orest too went out, no one asked where.

Then Hyacinth told Corona about Judith, saying, when he had finished his story,

"Now is not God good, to let an eternal joy rise on the night of our passing sorrow, to calm our grief by such a consolation?"

"This Judith must have a true strong heart," said Corona, "to follow the Star of Grace so promptly. She is going with the Three Kings to the Crib of Bethlehem—this Queen of the East."

Then they went together to the Trinità de' Monti, to make Judith's request known to the superior.

She was full of glad sympathy, saying she looked on it as a great grace that a daughter of Israel should be baptised in their house; and the ceremony was fixed for five o'clock the next morning. Judith was to arrive at four, and Corona was to receive her. Hyacinth promised to join them before five, with the faithful Lelio, whose influence on Judith had, perhaps, been the strongest of all. She was to be allowed to remain in the convent some days, if she wished, for a time of complete retirement.

So they parted, full of thankful rejoicing over the wonderful mercy of God.

As soon as Orest entered Judith's palazzo, the porter asked him to speak to Signor Fiorino, who had been waiting for the signor Conte some time.

"I thought you would never come," said Florentin in great excitement. "I have something of great importance to tell you."

"I too have news for *you*: Uncle Levin is dead."

"You will soon get over *that* grief, I should think," was the cold reply.

"That is not all: Regina too is dead."

Florentin turned pale.

"Regina! that *is* a grief."

After a pause, he went on:

"You see how it has been: she has fallen a victim to fanaticism. Orest, you must save Judith; she is in the utmost peril. Did you not notice the Catholic tone of her remarks yesterday?"

"Not I; I only noticed that she looked marvellously beautiful when she was speaking."

Another pause. Then Florentin laid his hand impressively on Orest's shoulder, saying,

"Orest, forgive me: I shall have to give you pain; but you ought to know. Judith has secret meetings. She came in very hastily at about eight this morning. I met her myself. Think when she must have gone out, to be returning so early. I was so

startled that I commissioned a *facchino*, who is a good deal about here—a very good fellow——”

“A spy of the Venta, I suppose?” sneered Orest.

“A very useful tool, at any rate,” said Florentin carelessly. “I commissioned him to take notice of all Judith’s visitors, and to report to me. At half-past nine he brought me word that a priest had just left the palazzo by the side-door. He described him as tall and slender; and young to judge from his light active walk; but Gaetano was feigning sleep, and could not observe more closely. You see he must have been in her room—that sitting-room where no one is admitted—since before eight.”

“It is not true!” said Orest hoarsely.

“I have told you *facts*,” returned Florentin coldly. “What you may mean that is not true I cannot say; but I advise you, as a friend, to put her to the proof.”

“Be sure of that. I will ask her. She shall explain.”

“Ah, bah!” Florentin interrupted him: “women are adepts at explanations! If the devil’s advocate were a woman, no canonisation would ever be managed! No, no; just take my advice, and ask her to give you one little proof of affection. *Par exemple*: ask her to be baptised after the Protestant rite. If she agrees, well and good; if not, you will see how it is, and that you cannot depend upon her.”

“You are right, Florentin. It is a simple, straightforward test.”

He hastened upstairs, and hardly waited for Judith’s “*Entrate*” in answer to his knock.

She was writing to her banker in Paris, and when Orest entered she looked up with an air of surprise, saying,

“This is the second time, Count Orest, that I have had to tell you that I wish this room to be considered strictly private.”

“I think, as you have given audience to a priest here, I am at liberty to claim the same privilege,” he replied in an offended tone.

A haughty answer was on her lips, but she controlled herself, and said with quiet dignity,

“If your business requires an undisturbed an interview as mine with the priest did, you are welcome.”

He walked up and down the room; then, stopping before her chair, he said:

“Judith, I cannot endure religion coming between us. If I could avoid becoming a Protestant, I would. I tell you I would give half my fortune to get out of it, for I have no fancy for acting a farce, nor for seeing one acted. But, Judith, it is the only way to secure our happiness, and for this I would do any thing. But why should this religious jumble be worse confounded still by your embracing the very faith which I am abandoning? I know we talked it over before; I know I agreed to it; but now—now that the time draws near—I shrink from every thing which seems like a division between us. And so, Judith, my beloved one, I am come to entreat

you to be baptised according to some Protestant form. I ask it as a small mark of your affection. There are plenty of Anglican clergymen here. I have met some—capital shots too—in hunting parties. They would help us gladly."

She felt that her hour was come—the time for her confession and her punishment; but she said to herself, "I will be true. Why should I deceive him for twenty-four hours more? It is not God's will; otherwise He would not have allowed Orest to come just at this time with this request. No, no, I must not deceive to-day, and be baptised to-morrow. Come what may, he shall know all."

She turned to him, and there was a soft tenderness in her manner, which was not habitual to her, as she said,

"Dear Orest, I have gone too far to turn back. I believe the doctrines of the Catholic Church to be the only true revelation of God. You see, therefore, that it would be cowardice to deny them—sin to abjure them."

"It is all true, then," he gasped. "Deceived—ensnared—lost!"

"I was all that," she answered gently: "God's mercy has saved me—will save you."

"Serpent!" cried Orest in mad passion—"serpent, to whom I have given my happiness, my heart, my life!—is this treachery my reward?"

"Count Orest, I have never deceived you. It was you, not I, who wished me to receive Christian baptism. We were both then full of earthly hopes—I never dreamed of heavenly ones. Is it my treachery, that God gives me the one, while He destroys the other?"

"Serpent!" he repeated, "to listen to a priest—to follow him, obey him, believe him, while you refuse me one poor little request, that you will become what I am going to become out of my great love for you."

"God forbid that you should ever do this thing. I have done wrong enough; O, let me see you return into the only path of truth."

"And do you not know that then we should be parted for ever?"

"Dear Orest," she answered gently, but very firmly, "we must be so in any case."

He seized her by both wrists, and holding her in an iron grasp, cried:

"Repeat that, and I will kill you!"

His look was so wild, his voice so shaken with passion, that she prayed silently, in the intensity of her terror, "O God, have mercy on me!" but outwardly she was quite calm, as she said, "Kill me, then, Orest; I have deserved it."

He still held her hands tight, and sometimes shook them in his mad passion.

"Serpent!" he went on in a hoarse, terrible voice, "to fascinate me for years with your cruel look, to encircle me in your fatal coils;

—serpent, in the fiendlike caution which neither grants nor denies; —serpent, to elude me now that at last, at last, the longed-for promise has been given. I have been dreaming of a far-off paradise—a paradise only because it would be shared with you. I had but one thought, one longing, to take you out of the crowded desert of the world, and to find my only joy in you. The very ground seems to scorch my feet so long as these hated barriers stand between us: and now—now, at the very moment when they are about to fall, does the smooth, fair, false serpent think to escape me? No, signora, that shall never be!”

Still she spoke calmly.

“What do you intend to do, Count Orest?”

“Never to part from you!” and his voice was as passionate as ever, though in a different way. She shook her head gently, saying:

“I deserve it all—hatred, contempt, anger, from you. I cannot say a word to excuse the past; but, dear Orest, henceforth our ways lie apart.”

“Judith, Judith, is it possible that a few words from the lips of a priest can cause such fearful treachery?”

“Ah, Orest, they are words which give a new meaning, a new direction, a new object to life: till I heard them, I knew nothing of the tender pity of God in giving His Son to become Incarnate, to live, and suffer, and die for poor lost men; I knew nothing of the Church which conveys His grace to all ages; nothing of His Precious Blood in the Sacraments: nothing of His Presence on the Altar; nothing of sin as an offence against God; nothing of virtue as a conformity to His likeness; nothing of suffering as a fellowship in His sufferings; nothing of Christ. That was how you knew me first;—and I wanted to be happy; I hoped to be so with you. In my blind egotism I never thought of the rights of another. I promised to be your wife; and I did so in all sincerity. I had one high instinct among many ignoble ones—the love of truth. But I did not know where to find it: now it has dawned on my soul, and in its light I begin to see truly. How can I be as I was in that time of darkness? How can I live my old life? You must see that it is impossible. Those few words, of which you speak, are the same which cast down the old Pagan world, more than eighteen hundred years ago, at the foot of the Cross.”

“Judith! I will believe you; I will follow where you go; I will go with you to your heaven, to your God. I will kneel with you before the Cross which you worship; with you I will do any thing, sacrifice any thing; but without you, Judith, I care not what becomes of any thing or any one in the world—of myself least of all. And you, who know more than I do of the things which concern eternity, must know that it is a fearful thing to consign to eternal misery one to whom you have promised happiness. You, who know more of heavenly love, must be more ready to make a sacrifice. It is only a small one. Kneel before the Cross, adore your Saviour, but not as a Catholic. Your faith can be the same, and your love will

acquire a wider field, a fairer development by including me in its circle."

"And by excluding God, dear Orest. O, do you not see that faith brings obligations with it? When you were in the army, was it enough to say, 'I serve my Emperor'? No, you had to express your loyalty by obedience and submission, and to be ready to risk your life for him wherever duty called you. And I too must serve *my* Master; I must accept His laws in all their fulness and strictness. It is no concern of mine how much or how little Protestant sects accept. I have to do with God; and if their tenets are opposed to His teaching, they are false: that is as clear as the day. And, Orest, I have only done what many millions have done before me; I have listened to the glad tidings of the Gospel, of which the priest is the authorised herald."

"A superior being, I suppose, to be blindly believed?"

"In matters of faith, certainly," was her calm reply.

"And this particular priest; is he young or old?"

She replied with a dignified simplicity which refused even to see the rudeness of this question. "We have said more than enough, dear Orest. It is not a matter of words, but of deeds. God has shown me my way, and it is not yours."

"And do you imagine that all will end here?" asked Orest.

"End! my penance is beginning."

"And what mummerly do you mean by that?"

"No mummerly, believe me. I will love Him whom I have despised—God. I will despise what I have loved—myself."

She turned to go to the salon; Orest stood before her.

"Have pity on me; do not leave me; not so suddenly, not yet. Promise me that. Do not leave me for ever now, not to-day."

He was fearfully agitated. She thought for a moment; then she said:

"No, not to-day, certainly."

He followed her into the salon; but he passed through it to join Florentin.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### IN THE CATACOMBS.

JUDITH had settled to visit the Catacombs of St. Sebastian with Lelio that afternoon. She was to call for him, and at two o'clock her carriage was announced. She and her mother were just starting when Orest came hastily out of Florentin's room. He was deadly pale, and asked, in great agitation, where they were going.

"To the Catacombs," she answered; "will you come too?"

"No, I cannot; but when will you be back?"

"About six o'clock, at dinner-time."

Then he went back to Florentin.

"What is the matter with Count Orest?" asked Madame Miranes; "he looks dreadfully ill."



"O, he is much to be pitied," Judith said sadly.

It was arranged that Judith should leave her mother, who did not affect "subterranean promenades," she said, at the house of an acquaintance; so that Judith, much to her joy, was able to tell Lelio all that had happened since yesterday; and he, in return, told her all the arrangements made by Hyacinth and Corona, adding that he would call for her about four o'clock.

"But do let every thing be done very quietly and secretly," said Judith. "I am not given to nervousness, but—laugh if you like—I am haunted by all sorts of impossible ideas; that Count Orest may try to prevent my baptism, to seize upon me by force."

"Such feelings are very natural when one is on the very brink of a great joy—close to the fulfilment of a long-cherished desire," said Lelio soothingly. "I suppose the heart has an instinct that happiness in this world is always, as it were, on the wing."

"No," she answered, "it is not that; it is Orest's state of mind that frightens me. He will not see any thing wrong in what he and I once contemplated. He is bitterly offended with me, and I believe he is very likely to attempt some sort of revenge. Only let me be a Christian before the storm bursts!"

"Ah! so you have a fancy for being a martyr, and suffering persecution and death for your faith!" said Lelio, smiling cheerfully. "Never fear, Judith, suffering is sure to come. I prophesy that quite certainly. If we are in earnest with God, He will be in earnest with us. Our crosses are in proportion to our love."

"Well, I will be punctual," Judith said; "and be sure not to drive up to the door, but to have the carriage waiting a little way down the Corso; then come yourself for me to the side-door."

They went through those wonderful Catacombs, with their long, dark, irregular windings, now low and narrow, now broad and high, and those sacred niches, memorials of the Christians who had here both their church and their cemetery.

"How it all takes one back to those early times, and how impossible it seems to doubt the divine origin of the Church when one thinks of them!" Judith said, after listening to some instances which Lelio gave her of the fierceness of the persecutions, and the fortitude of the martyrs. "The power of the emperors, the hatred of paganism, the contempt of *soi-disant* philosophers, every thing that tends to crush and to stifle was heaped upon her. But she was neither crushed nor stifled; and after three centuries she left the Catacombs with the same faith she took there. I think that ought to be enough to convert any one who is free from prejudice. It is something so divine, such a miracle of miracles, this unchangeableness of doctrine in an ever-changing world, that I can understand Florentin's wholesale denial of all revelation, better than Orest's idea of the existence of one outside the Church. Ah, Lelio! what will become of Orest?"

"That is a Catholic instinct, dear Judith, this sorrow over our erring brethren; and the more you learn of the Church, and of the love of Him who dwells on her altars, the more keenly you will

feel this sorrow. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament was the very centre of their life to these martyrs of old. They did not venture to hope that they could endure all the nameless fears, all the manifold torments that were before them till they were united to Him by Holy Communion. Therefore every means was devised, vast sums of money were spent, that the Holy Sacrifice might be offered in the prisons where the condemned Christians were, and that they might receive the Bread of Life."

"How gloriously the light of the faith transfigures our lives!" cried Judith: and she felt this in her inmost soul; her heart lifted itself strongly, and opened gratefully in the refreshing air of grace, as a flower, withered by drought and shrivelled up by heat, does in the reviving dews of the evening. "I have not the faintest idea," she went on, "how my future life will shape itself, nor in what part of the world I shall pitch my tent. I know that I shall have to break with old acquaintances, old amusements, old occupations, and even with the talent which has been my chief interest. I must do all this, for I must be dead for Orest. But I know that, come what may, I shall be the gainer; a heavy load is lifted from my heart, a load which pressed me to the earth, which change of scene only made heavier, for the impress of death was on all things, and the feeling that nothing in life was worth living for never left me. Now, Lelio, I believe: and *that* is worth living for."

\* \* \* \* \*

Judith was thankful to have paid this visit to the Catacombs just at this time, the day before that which was to see her a member of Christ's mystical Body. Her rooms were very full that evening, and she was glad of this, for it relieved her from the necessity of talking much. She took care, however, not to become too much abstracted, for Orest was watching her closely. She expected him to take his leave with the rest, about midnight; but he said, "Only a minute, Judith; just to ask one or two questions."

She bowed her head in assent.

"Tell me, then, if you are contemplating a *second* late excursion."

She remembered meeting Florentin on her return from the Trinità, and knew at once that he had informed Orest of it. She answered very coldly: "If you have engaged Fiorino in the capacity of spy, he ought to have told you that I went out at seven, and came in at eight."

Orest had the grace to feel rebuked. In spite of Florentin's evil influence, he could not help relying on her truthfulness. He went on. "Will you grant my request, and be baptised after some Protestant rite?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because Christ is in the Catholic Church, and I must go to Him."

"And we are to be parted?"

"It is the will of God."

"It is the will of the priest!" and he laughed bitterly.

"Has the will of a man ever controlled mine?" she asked proudly.

"What are your plans for the future?"

"I have none."

"And do you expect me to believe that?"

She was silent.

After a pause, Orest said again, "Do you expect me to believe that?"

"That depends on yourself. I have spoken truly."

"Will you not try to escape from me?"

She might be forgiven for the touch of *hauteur* in her reply. "I am not aware that I am your prisoner. Still it will be better for some distance to lie between us."

"One word more. You are not thinking of a secret departure to-day or to-morrow?"

Judith answered in the negative.

Orest repeated this laconic conversation to Florentin, adding, "So there is some comfort left; she has no plans for the future; I may win her yet."

"You are positively childish in your simple credulity!" cried Florentin. "She is just like a woman, speaking half truth, half falsehood."

"Your experiences may lead you to that opinion," Orest said. "Judith would not do so."

"Judith is just like the rest of her sex. Very likely *she* has made no plans for the future, but I engage to say her adviser the priest has. He is a Jesuit, of course! let them alone for laying their schemes well. And whatever his plans are, she will have to conform to them. The tortures of the confessional will make that safe."

"Spare me all that rubbish, pray," said Orest; "I don't go to confession because I do not choose to do so. But all that nonsense about compulsion and torture is more than I can stand. It might go down in some third-rate *feuilleton* or other; but you had better not try it on with me."

Florentin bore the sneer with perfect equanimity. He only said,

"Did not Judith say it was the will of God, or some such phrase, which parted you?"

"Yes; she did say so."

"Exactly; and as she cannot have heard God Himself declare it, it follows that that confounded Jesuit must have done so. *Ergo*, his influence is stronger than yours. Is it not horrible, this tyranny of priestcraft over a fresh, beautiful nature?"

"It is horrible—horrible and unnatural!" cried Orest, despairingly.

"There is only one way, then, to save this glorious creature, and to win her for yourself; and that is, to take her, at any cost, from this hateful influence. Fight with him—to the death!"

Orest interrupted him with passionate vehemence: "Do you not know how gladly I will do it? But will a Jesuit fight?"

"Try him—on the spur of the moment."

"Florentin, I will; the mere idea gives me new life. Fight him! yes, that is the thing; well thought of!"

They shook hands and parted. Orest went to the Hotel Meloni, Florentin in search of Gaetano, who was generally hanging about the place. Florentin laid a gold-piece on the table, saying,

"Gaetano, at whatever hour the signora goes out, follow her, and bring me word as quickly as possible. If you manage matters cleverly, this is yours."

Gaetano answered with a cringing bow and a cunning smile, and betook himself to his post.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### THE BAPTISM.

WHEN Judith dismissed her maid that night, she said, "I have to go out very early in the morning, Fanchette; get the key of the little door from the porter, and be sure to tell him that I will not let it out of my own hands, or he will be in a fright. I shall not rouse you; I will dress myself."

Fanchette did as she was told, and Judith was alone. Although she had not slept the night before, she had no feeling of weariness; she was too much excited for that. She was on the threshold of her new birth, and so close to the supernatural world, that she was not conscious of any bodily pressure. Her whole soul melted in a flood of gratitude for the marvellous grace which had transported her—the Jewess, the opera-singer, the child of the world, the *esprit fort*—over all difficulties and hindrances, into a new sphere, governed by the laws of Divine love. These thoughts made her so calm, so happy, that she could even hope for Orest's conversion, and for a bright peaceful future for him and that sweet Corona. As the hour drew nearer, she dressed herself richly in bridal white, and threw a veil of thick black lace over her head and shoulders. She twisted Regina's rosary round her arm, kissing the little crucifix, that sign of our salvation, which was so soon to be planted in her heart. "Buried with Christ!" those words rang in her soul. "How can it but be so," she said to herself, "if in any degree one enters into the mystery of redemption? Love for love, cross for cross; that is the only way for a Christian. To be crucified and buried with Christ, and so to live with Him a life that is not of this world."

In the intense stillness of the dawn Judith heard the wheels of a carriage. "The triumph of my life is beginning," she said, in the thrilling gladness of her heart; "with Thee—for Thee—to Thee, my Lord and my God!" She wrapped herself in a dark cloak, took the key, and left her room.

"Don't disturb yourself, Fanchette," she said, as the girl started up when she passed by her bed; "I shall be back in a few hours."

Lelio was waiting at the little door, and they went together to the carriage. They got in, and drove to the Trinità; with them

on the back-seat went Gaetano. As the clocks struck four, Hyacinth stood at the altar of Santa Maria dell' Anima, ready to say Mass. He too had slept little; so much had happened in his family circle, so many startlingly-contrasted events. The deaths of Levin and Regina had shaken his inmost soul. None had been so near to him as these two; his soul had grown with theirs. Regina's resolution had ripened his; Levin's example had attracted him more and more strongly to the spiritual life. He had stood with her on the threshold of the temple; he had gone with him into its inmost sanctuary; and now, almost together, these two had passed from the earth. More than ever he felt his heart glowing with the desire to submit his heart and soul and whole being to the lightest motions of grace; more fervently than ever he prayed that he might be inspired so as to influence Orest as well as Judith. He knew perfectly well that the loss of her had not cured Orest's madness. *Her* conversion had been a wonder of grace; but how could he expect it to be repeated in him? Alas, things were so much worse with him than they had been with her. She knew nothing of the things of God; he despised them. Now she was saved; but he—"How is his heart to be melted?" said Hyacinth; "how is his will to be bent? what is to bring him to repentance? what is to reconcile him to God? O, that he might be saved! O, that the darkness might pass from his soul! O, if I might give my life, shed my blood for him! what a blessed sacrifice that would be!" He resolved to speak to his brother directly after Judith's baptism; and in order that the Holy Spirit might put the right word into his mouth, and that no sin or imperfection of his might be a hindrance in the way of grace, he very devoutly sought the holy Sacrament of Penance. Humbly and penitently he recalled every error, every weakness, every earthly emotion, which seemed to his sensitive conscience a slight to the love of God; every imperfection in the discharge of his holy functions; every feeling of weariness by which he feared to have grieved the Holy Spirit; and then, "having washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," he approached the altar to celebrate the Divine Mysteries, to offer his Mass for those two souls in whom his interest was so strong, and to make himself, by a fervent communion, a less utterly unworthy channel of the grace he sought for them. Only his confessor was in the church: when he saw Hyacinth come down from the altar, and presently kneel to make his thanksgiving, he thought involuntarily, "There is one of those who are sealed with the sign of the living God; who will sing the canticle of the elect, and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." So Hyacinth waited, absorbed in blissful union with the Saviour and Lover of his soul, till Lelio's carriage came for him.

While the angels watched, the evil spirit was not sleeping. A knock at his door woke Florentin, who called out,

"Gaetano! entrate!"

The man came in breathless haste to tell his story. It ended thus:

"We stopped at the Trinità de' Monti. The signora got out,

and the gentleman who was with her said, 'At five I will bring the Signor Abbate.' Then she went in at the convent-door. He drove on further, and I hastened here."

Florentin dressed hurriedly, and bade Gaetano accompany him to the Hotel Meloni. On their way he said,

"Gaetano, are you sure that the gentleman said, 'I will bring the Abbate'?"

"What should he have said, eccellenza?"

"Do you not think he said 'the Jesuit'?"

"*E' possibile.* Abbate—padre; one may easily confuse words."

Availing himself of such a possible confusion, Florentin entered Orest's room, saying,

"*Presto!* Judith is to meet the Jesuit directly. If you wish to hinder it, come at once."

"Serpent! and I believed her!" cried Orest, half mad with rage and despair. "Where is she?"

"In a convent. The Sacré Cœur is an invention of the Jesuits for getting women of high rank and position into their toils. I have no doubt the Jesuit in question is the confessor of the nuns of the Trinità."

So he talked on, irritating and stinging Orest into a mad fever of passion; and as the latter snatched up his pistol-case,

"Not lost yet! Let me but find him!" cried Orest, in a voice hoarse with agitation.

"He is to be at the convent by five. There we must stand sentry, and when he comes—"

"When he comes," interrupted Orest, "I will force him to drive with me in his own carriage to the Campagna; there we will have our reckoning."

They dashed up the Pincio. It was very dark; the few lights here and there seemed only to deepen the gloom, and there was a damp clinging mist which enveloped all surrounding objects and confused their outlines.

"Heaven send we are not too late!" gasped Orest.

He was trembling from head to foot, and had to lean against the wall to get his breath.

"Calm yourself," said Florentin; "it wants a quarter to five still. He cannot escape you."

A strange contrast!—without, the confusion of hell; within, the foretaste of heaven! The Superior and Corona received Judith with the same joy which the saints above were feeling—joy for the salvation of a soul which would one day glorify the mercy of God and the power of the Precious Blood, through the endless Day of eternity. Radiant with joy, Corona seemed to have regained all her brightness and beauty, and she looked a vision of loveliness in her white silk dress and gleaming diamonds. She wanted to do honour to such a glorious day.

"The angels are rejoicing over you: and Uncle Levin, and Regina," she said, embracing Judith.

She looked like the angel-guardian of the other woman, whose

grand tragic style of beauty was in such contrast with her tender grace and sweetness. Carriage-wheels were heard; and they both said, "He is coming now!"

Hyacinth sprang out; as he did so, Orest stood in his way.

"You shall not enter: come with me; now, in a moment!"

Hyacinth recognised his brother's voice, and thinking only of stopping his interference in Judith's baptism, he pushed him back, and tried to gain the door, which was just being opened from inside. Mad with the thought that this hated Jesuit was about to escape, Orest shouted: "Die, then!" and fired.

As Hyacinth fell, murmuring "Jesus—Mary!" Lelio cried: "Count Orest, it is your brother! Lights! lights! for the love of God!"

The terrified portress opened the door, and the lights streamed out full on Hyacinth's body. "My God! Hyacinth! forgive me!" stammered Orest; then he put the pistol to his mouth, pulled the trigger, and fell. It all happened with fearful rapidity. The Superior appeared at the door, as Lelio and the coachman were carrying in Hyacinth. The ball had gone through his heart: his death must have been almost painless, and the majesty of a great peace was on the pale, noble brow. The unhappy Orest was still living, but the frightful wound prevented his speaking, and he was half unconscious. No words can describe the scene with Judith and Corona. They understood nothing. Lelio could only tell them the last tragic act. No one suspected that Florentin had been there. He had rushed away at the first shot. "One accursed priest less in the world, that is all!" he tried to say to himself; but even *his* conscience would not be silenced so. Then he heard the other shot. What had happened? "It is not my fault—not my fault!" he kept muttering; but his pulses beat like a hammer, and cold drops stood on his forehead, as he rushed away in a terror beyond words—the most fearful terror that can be—terror of himself. The physician declared that Orest could not live through the day. Then the chaplain of the convent came; but Orest did not seem to be in possession of his senses. Corona knelt beside him in an agony.

"O, pray—pray for him!" she said to the nuns; "pray for a moment of reason, that he may make an act of contrition."

"Two of the Sisters are praying before the Blessed Sacrament for this intention," said the Superior; "and all the Masses will be said and all our Communions offered for it."

"God reward you! for I—I cannot pray!"

It was so sad to see her, as she knelt there, her dress all stained with his blood: she thought of nothing but his soul's peril; she never spoke of sending for her father or her child. And Judith? her thoughts were the very reverse of Florentin's. "It is my fault, my sin; murder and suicide! It is all through me."

She went from one fainting-fit to another. What a scene, instead of the one for which she had been preparing! So the day broke, and the sun came up in golden splendour. There was no change in Orest.



"If only Father Bonaventura would come, or would pray for him," one of the nuns whispered.

"Who is he?" Corona asked.

"A very holy Capuchin, whose prayers are much sought for."

"I will go for him," said Lelio.

Every minute seemed an age to poor Corona. Judith dragged herself on her knees to her feet.

"You must hate me," she said, in a dull voice of misery; "it would be almost a comfort to be hated as I deserve."

"No Christian does that," Corona answered; "and how could I do so—*here*?"

When Lelio and the Father came, Judith and Corona both exclaimed: "Herr Ernest!" and his very presence was a help. It was he who presently undertook to tell the dreadful news to Corona's unhappy father; he brought him to the convent—a broken-down old man, aged by many years in these few minutes, he tottered from the dying Orest to the dead Hyacinth. Then Uriel came; and the group of mourners was complete, but for Felicitas. Corona had her brought; and as she threw herself, sobbing and terrified, into her arms, Orest lifted his heavy swollen eyelids.

"O, thank God, dear Orest, you do know us now?"

His eyes answered "Yes:" he could neither speak nor move; all the lower part of his face was shattered to pieces. He could only look imploringly from one to the other, and try to fold his hands. Judith, who had been crouching in a corner of the room, noticing no one and unnoticed by all, came and knelt at the bedside, saying: "Count Orest, can you forgive me?"

He shuddered at the sound of her voice, closed his eyes, and made a gentle movement with his hand.

"He forgives me, and he will not look at me; it is best so." And kissing Corona's hand, she went into the next room to pray by Hyacinth's body. Corona bent tenderly over her husband, and asked if he would receive the holy Sacrament of Penance. He assented, as best he could; and Father Bonaventura was left alone with him. He gathered from questions put so clearly that it was possible to answer them by gestures, that Orest had not been guilty of deliberate murder, far less of fratricide. The first shot had been fired in the madness of passion, the second in that of despair. Never had Orest confessed with such sincerity and contrition as now, on the brink of eternity. They might hope that it was the best confession of his life. It was impossible to give him the holy Viaticum, from his fearful wound; but the last anointing strengthened him for the last agony. He died towards evening; and, as all hoped, in the grace of God. Judith was privately baptised by Father Bonaventura, and soon after carried senseless to her own apartments in the Corso, where she lay for weeks between life and death.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE LAST COUNT WINDECK.

URIEL sat at the foot of the cross in the Coliseum. The dull-red travertine stone of the vast ruins flamed crimson in the sunset glow. The place seemed bathed in blood. The dark motionless cypresses on the Caelian Hill looked silently through the broken arcades into the arena, and on the warrior who was fighting a battle there in the depths of his heart.

On this spot the saintly Bishop of Antioch had been torn by the lions—that glorious Ignatius, who said to those who wished to save him, "Let me share the sufferings of my God!" To this spot, and with these very words, Levin had sent Uriel in one of their last talks together; and they seemed like a legacy from the aged saint, who had known and loved him so well.

Should he accept the legacy? That was the battle Uriel was fighting. An inward voice, a secret attraction—the desire of his soul—drew him on; but nature held back. This inward conflict and the fearful occurrences related in the last chapter had left their impress on his features. His eyes were closed, his head rested on his hand, as he sat there at the foot of that simple, wonderful wooden cross, which seems to command the whole of that grand ruin, like a thought of Calvary; and one picture after another passed in succession before his mind. He saw the streams of grace flowing from the Cross; he saw the silent deeds of heroism which are being done in men's lives by that grace; he saw too the opposition which is always going on in the world against it: and of all this there had been examples in his own family.

There was Levin, the very spiritual centre of the household, its support and comfort for more than half a century, whose one endeavour had been to win souls to God. Some had yielded to his gentle sway: in Regina grace had done a full and blessed work, for herself and for others too. Her influence had fixed Hyacinth's determination—had, perhaps, made him conscious of his vocation. She had won her father from his stubborn opposition, to give her her heart's desire. She had been to her young sister a bright example, showing how the world is overcome. Over himself her influence had been so almost overpowering, that it had brought him to the very entrance of the way of perfection: and all this against a strong tide of disapproval and opposition. Her family and the world blamed her: she had no praise—no encouragement. Every thing seemed to increase her difficulties; but God had turned it all to good. Not in vain had she chosen her motto, "*Solo Dios basta.*"

Then, in startling contrast to this fair picture, he saw Orest—absorbed in the world, enslaved by passion, sunk in the deep sleep of sin, till that moment of horror brought so fearful an awakening. And yet society, which either loaded Regina with bitter reproaches or shrugged its shoulders contemptuously at her "sentimental enthu-

siasm," would deal only a very moderate measure of blame to Orest, and no doubt consider his death a tragical *dénouement* to a romantic story which was far more interesting than hers.

Then he thought how the God from whom Orest had turned forgave him at the eleventh hour, as they could not but hope and believe.

"O how omnipotent a power that of sacrifice is!" thought Uriel.

A kind well-known voice roused him from his reverie. Father Bonaventura had been watching him for some time with deep sympathy. "Count Uriel," he said, "you ought not to be sitting here at this hour and at this time of year: the dew is falling; it is really dangerous."

Uriel smiled: "And you go bareheaded and barefoot, father, in all weathers."

"I? That is a different thing." And he sat down by Uriel, while the monk who was with him went round the stations.

"How do you make out that? You are a man, and an old man."

"But all that sort of thing comes with the habit of St. Francis, you see. Besides, when I was a boy, I was used to bare feet and head; so it was only beginning again; and if it had been hard, what would it matter? The way from Gethsemani to Calvary was hard too."

"Father, why did you become a Capuchin?"

"To do a little bit of penance, Count."

"For the sins of others, I suppose?"

"My dear Count, the world calls nothing but murder, robbery, and offences like these, sins: it cannot comprehend how one who has not committed such actions can be penetrated by the sense of his deep sinfulness, and by sorrow for the daily, hourly slight he has offered to the love of God. When the Holy Father returned from Gaeta, I came to Rome,—the natural home of an artist and a Catholic. The events of that period of revolution were not things to be forgotten. I saw that what lay at the bottom of it all was self-will. No one thought of doing the will of God; no one thought of making any sacrifice. Well, that set me thinking about myself—whether I had made any for God's sake. I recalled one thing after another which I had laid in our Lord's pierced Hands, and they all seemed nothing. I had been quietly keeping all the time what I loved as my very life. It was not gain, nor reputation, nor worldly pleasure; it was my independence, as I called it—my freedom to wander about as I pleased, without being fettered by any obligations. I was quite at liberty to do this; I was neglecting no duty by doing it; but—but—this idea of sacrifice had got hold of me; and go where I would, and do what I would, a voice kept saying to me, 'That is the very thing you can give up for God's sake. Will you do it, or not?' I thought it over, and I said, 'That voice comes from God! Neither the devil, nor the world, nor flesh and blood would say things like that. Now that I have heard and understood it, I have just got to obey it.' So I went to the Piazza Barberini, and asked to be

received as a lay-brother. I never dreamed of being a priest—a poor sinner like me! Well, the good fathers were not encouraging: they thought I was quite five-and-twenty years too late in coming, and so on. However, I am very obstinate, and I kept at them till they agreed to give me a trial. So I got what I wanted—that is to say, nothing! and, strange to say, I felt as if I had never known what freedom meant before. I seemed steeped in the sweet, holy, adorable will of God, as a fish is in the water. Then came a tremendous shock: my superiors would have me be, not a lay-brother, but a priest. I was in great trouble: I thought I should bring shame on my holy habit. I struggled as much as I could; but this time the superiors were more obstinate than I, and there was no help for it. I had become a Capuchin just to give up my own will, and so I obeyed in God's name. And in this way, Count Uriel, we have met again, here in Rome, in a time of deep sorrow for you, which I shall never forget, and—at the foot of the Cross."

"We shall very likely meet in many more places, father," said Uriel; "for I too intend to become a Capuchin."

\* \* \* \* \*

Four years have passed since that day. Judith Miranes is Sister Thaïs, of the order of "Filles de Notre Dame de Sion." She is a pattern of humility, obedience, and love for souls. Uriel passed his novitiate in Rome, and then went to the Capuchin Missions in America. Corona lives with her father at Windeck. God's Providence has brought her back to the spot which seemed the fairest in the world to her childish eyes. Her gentle influence and the bitter trials of the past have won Count Damian's heart from the world. It is beautiful to see them together, and they spread blessings round them. A merry little child of seven, dressed in white, plays on the broad terrace looking on the Maine, where we saw her mother in our first chapter. She is the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart—this little Felicitas, the heiress of all the Windeck estates.

Corona educates her so as to do honour to her name-saint, and in the very way she pointed out. When Saint Felicitas was brought face to face with the wild beasts in the arena, she was asked, in scornful reference to her name, "Where is your happiness now?" And she answered, "Not on earth."

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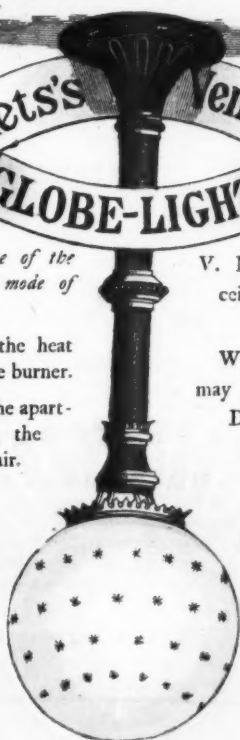
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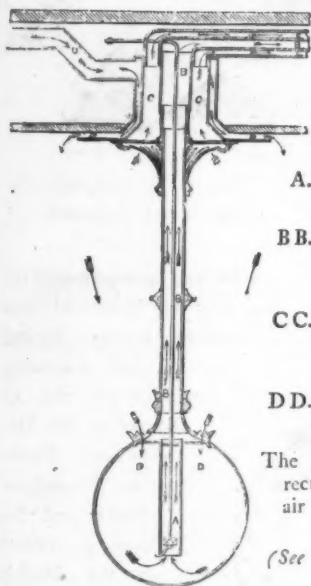
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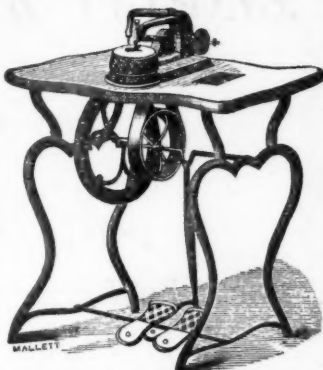
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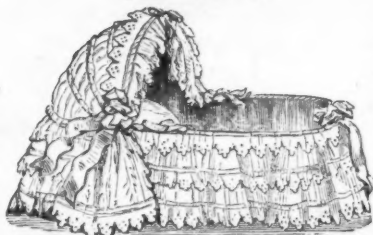
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